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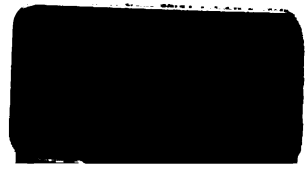
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THE PREREQUISITES OF A RELIGION*

BY FELIX ADLER.

What is the way to get a religion? Let us begin by setting explicitly before our minds what, for most of us at least, cannot be the way. The way cannot be to prostrate our intellects at the foot of the throne of authority; to bind that Samson, the human mind, and give him over into the hands of the Philistines; to abjure our reason, to perpetrate an act of self-mutilation in that noble part which distinguishes us from the brutes. We cannot, as some eminent persons in the ninteenth century have done, cross over the bridge of scepticism back into the stronghold of orthodoxy. Whatever religion we adopt, must be consistent with the truths with which we have been endowed at the hands of science. It may be ultra-scientific—indeed, it must be, must pass beyond the teachings of science; but it may not be anti-scientific. Whatever religious convictions we adopt, must be in accord with what is roughly called the modern view of life. When we ask for a religion, we ask for one that shall be consistent with the new view of the Bible and its human origin, with the new view of the creeds and of their human origin; one that shall be consistent with the conception of an unchangeable order of nature, not subject to miraculous interference; one that shall be consistent, too, with the new aspirations of our age and responsive to the new social need. We dare not give up one iota of what the human intellect has won

* An address given before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York.

in order to purchase, by a craven compromise with the past, the peace of the lotus-eater.

But, on the other hand, we need to be equally warned against expecting too much from the intellect, against the supposition that merely by the use of the reason we can get a religion. That, also, is not the way. One cannot get a religion merely by trying to think out the problems of the universe. That is the mistake of many, especially of young men when they begin to be troubled about the problems of life. They suppose that by mere thinking and reading they can obtain a solution. You may study all the idealistic systems of philosophy from Plato down, following the subtle, daring and often brilliant arguments by which these thinkers attempted to prove the existence of the divine in the universe; and, after reading all their books and mastering all their arguments, you may yet be not a whit nearer to religion. In the same manner, you might go through all the text-books of science—that science which I have just said we may not contradict—with a view of finding in the scroll of nature the marks of design, the revelations of the divine; and, at the end of your search, you might yet be no nearer to religion than you were at the outset. It is a mistake to approach the subject of religion from the point of view of the intellect.

All really religious persons will tell you that religion is, primarily, a matter of experience. You must get a certain kind of experience, and the philosophic thinking will be of the utmost use to you, namely, in explicating what is implied in that experience. But you must get the experience first. Imagine a person who has never seen the sunlight out of doors, who has been shut up all his life in a room barely illuminated by the feeble flame of a lamp, and who has been instructed by some professor in the undulatory theory of light; who

has been taught, with the help of diagrams, the laws of light—the laws of reflection according to which light is thrown back from the myriad objects of nature, the laws of refraction by which the strong shaft of light is broken into the beauty of the prismatic colors. Do you suppose that such a person could have any adequate conception of light? He might talk wisely about it—more so than you or I perhaps—with the help of his diagrams and his formulas. But, not having seen the light, not having rejoiced in the effulgence of it, he would not know, as we know, what light is. And so a person wha has never tasted water might obtain from a chemist a certain intellectual understanding of it, might know what the elements are that enter into it, and in what proportions. But he would not know what water is; as the traveler knows who has journeyed far, and parched with thirst finds the cool spring, and kneels at its brim, and drinks and is satisfied. You cannot know what light is unless you see it, nor water unless you taste it; you must have experience of them to know them.

So, too, you must have experience of religion in order to know it. But this experience is not at all a mystical thing. It is not reserved for the initiated and the elect. It is possible to everyone who chooses to have it. And of it I now wish to speak: not of any particular religious system, but of the material of which all religious systems must be built, of the inner thing that must antedate and prepare the way for any genuine religion whatsoever. The point I have in mind may also be made plain by the distinction between fact and theory. There are facts which we hit upon, which we stumble upon, which we somehow get hold of as facts, before ever we can trace them back to their causes, or deduce from them their inferences. So there are certain facts of the inner life

which we must get hold of, before ever we can successfully go back to their metaphysical or doctrinal presuppositions, or deduce from them their corollaries. The *conditio sine qua non* of religion, the indispensable prerequisite of it, is to get possession of these facts. Let us now consider what they are.

The main fact of all is that Spirit exists. I use this word in default of a better. I do not mean that ghosts exist, nor yet one universal ghost—a world-ghost. I understand by "spirit" that which is not material, and in so far is unlike the chair, or the house, or the stone. The first and main fact to get hold of is that something non-material really exists. All great scientific thinkers have long since given up the materialistic hypothesis of the universe. It lingers only among the semi-educated. Among scientists no thinker of commanding position to-day stands for the materialistic philosophy. But it is one thing to declare, as a purely intellectual judgment, that materialism is not well founded, and another thing to find in one's own experience the fact that there is spirit. Some go so far as to say that there is spirit in everything; that in the crystal there is, as it were, a spirit petrified, in the flower a spirit dreaming, in the animal a spirit just starting into waking consciousness. That may be so, and it may not. How can we tell? We do not know the crystal, or the flower, or the animal from within. There is only one object in nature which we know on its inner side, and that is the thing which we call Self. The first and main fact to lay hold of is, that something non-material exists in ourselves. How shall we ascertain this? By experience. And by what sort of experience? By a kind of experience that is possible to the simplest and humblest. This always is the mark of religion, that it does not address itself merely to the highly gifted, the highly

cultivated, but also to the simple and humble. And of the sort of experience of which I am going to speak to-day, the fundamental truths are accessible to everyone.

Now, I repeat: By what sort of experience shall we ascertain that spirit exists? On the whole, by searching, painful experience. Pain is unavoidable, if we wsh to achieve supreme results. The rose Religion, too, grows on a bush that is barbed with thorns, and we must not be afraid to have our fingers lacerated by the thorns if we would pluck that rose. For instance, a person who endures great bodily suffering with fortitude, the martyr on the rack, or the victim of cancer or Bright's disease on his painful couch—which is but another kind of rack—will find that there is something in him which physical agony cannot overcome, cannot even penetrate to; will find that there is something in him not of the senses, which all the assaults of the senses are powerless to vanquish. I do not mean that every victim of chronic ailments has this experience. On the contrary, many are completely prostrated by their suffering—lie low upon the ground, as it were, and moan and wail in helpless misery. But those who have the strength to make an effort, can have this experience. The spiritual part in us must be elicited, and it manifests itself only in those who make the effort. Epictetus said: "When the pain is in my limb, well, it is in my limb. It does not reach me, my veriest self, the spiritual part of me. When it is in my head or in my heart, it is in the head or in the heart. It does reach the 'me.'" What he found out, others have found out; and everyone can find out if he chooses to put forth effort. This experience is within reach of the simplest and of the humblest.

I am not here endeavoring to explain the existence of suffering in this world of ours. I am not endeavoring

to solve the problem of evil. I do not know that it can be solved. Alphonse XII of Castile is credited with the audacious statement that, if he had been present at the creation, he could have given a point or two to the Creator and shown him how he might have improved upon his performance. Perhaps he could. I do not know. Why in this world of ours there should be so much wretchedness, why there should be cancer and consumption and Bright's disease; why human beings should be tortured as they are, I do not know. I shudder at the presumption implied in pretending to explain. But I say this: that evil existing, the world being such as it is, we can win from evil, if we choose, an inestimable good, even the conviction that there is in us a power not of the senses, the conviction that spirit exists, and exists in us.

Is not this an unspeakable compensation?—to be freed from the tyranny of the senses, to be led back to the fountain of our being, to the higher sources in which our strength resides! You may say that, in a world ideally conceivable, we might have obtained this precious conviction without needing to undergo the ordeal of pain. To which the reply is: that in a world ideally conceivable, what you say may be quite true; but in the world as it is, the ultimate reasons for the ordering of which we cannot understand, we have ample cause to be thankful that we can turn suffering to such far-reaching account, cause to be thankful that we can distil from the bitter root this divine elixir; that by manfully bearing the pains of the senses, inexplicable to us though they be, we can gain the certainty that a power not born of the senses—holy, availing, victorious even in defeat—exists in us, works in us. It is this effect of pain that accounts for the serenity and peace of many patient sufferers, a peace and serenity which

surround their bed of misery with a kind of halo.

It is related of St. Sebald, who dwelt at Nuremberg, and for whom Peter Vischer built the loveliest of shrines (a shrine which no one who visits the quaint old mediaeval town fails to admire—St. Sebald's shrine in St. Sebald's Church)—it is related of him that one day in the dead of winter he came to the hut of a cartwright, where he was wont to stop in going his rounds among the poor, and that he found the man and his faimly nearly perished with cold. There was not a scrap of wood left in the house, and the bitter frost had penetrated into the room so that the icicles hung in long rows from the rafters. And St. Sebald said to the man:

"Take these icicles and put them upon the hearth and use them for fuel."

And the man did so. And fire blazed up, and he and his family were saved. What a child-like, transparent legend is this, expressive of the truth upon which I have here dwelt—that the very ills which seem calculated to destroy us, the miseries and the heart-aches and the pains, can, if we use them rightly, become the means of animating us with a new warmth, filling us with unprecedented cheer. And this is true of the moral pains, as well as of the physical. Guilt, too, if we face it, confess it without reserve, own up to it, reveals to us that there remains in us a part of our nature untouched by the guilt, a power of resilience that can slough off the guilt as the serpent sloughs off its skin; that we can triumph over the evil that we have done as well as over the evil that we have to undergo; that there is in us a fount of inexhaustible rejuvenation.

But this general result, the recognition in us of something not sense-derived, not sense-born, is not all that experience teaches us. We discover also in our inward experience, if we attend to it, a sufficiently clear clue

as to what spirit is, at least as to the ways in which it manifests itself, the lines along which it operates. It manifests itself not only negatively, by resisting the onset of the senses, by defying them to do their worst, by "bearing it out even to the crack of doom"; it shows itself also in positive ways. When we speak of matter, we mean something inert, passive. And when we speak of force, in any strict signification of the term, we mean merely that which causes the movement of matter, which transfers matter from place to place. And there is this that is peculiar and characteristic of matter: that every material thing is distinct from every other, that no two material things can ever be identically the same; because in the very definition of a material thing it is implied that it must occupy a certain place, and no two things can ever occupy the same place. But of spirit, just the opposite is characteristic; namely, that the very same spiritual life may be in you and in another. And therein, in my opinion, the nature of spirit is revealed; that two may be, in the spiritual sense, one; that two may participate in the same being, supplementing one another, each necessary to the wholeness or true existence of another; nay, that not only two, but many beings may be thus united, as in the family, the nation, humanity, and other spiritual unities. The very idea of spirit is that of unity expressing itself in plurality, and of endless differences fused together in an all-embracing unity.

But do you ask whether anything so abstract as this conception, this subtlety of metaphysics, can be found in experience, and in the experience of the simplest and of the humblest? I answer confidently: not indeed in its abstract form, but in its concrete equivalent. Yes, in a perfectly practical way, this idea that our life is, at bottom, identical with the life of others may be found in the experience even of the simplest and of the hum-

blest. He who genuinely loves another realizes what I mean. He realizes the oneness of life that may subsist between two persons who yet maintain their separate identity. He realizes that two may remain two, and yet be one. Nor is this a mere figure of speech, a metaphor, a pleasant conceit to be allowed poetically, but not to be taken in a stringent, literal sense. We cannot admit, in so serious a discussion as this, metaphors and conceits and figures of speech that hide the facts. How then does one who intensely cares for another come to realize this undivided oneness, despite of and mastering the separateness? He realizes it by finding out that the joy and happiness of the one he loves are really his own joy and happiness; that when evil threatens he would rather avert it from the other than from himself, rather intercept the stroke of calamity himself than let it fall on the beloved head. The popular expression for being in love is "losing one's heart to another." The heart is a vital organ. One may smash a finger or shatter a leg so that it will have to be cut off. But the injury need not be fatal. One can live on without a finger and without a limb. But any injury done to the heart is mortal. To lose one's heart to another means that thereafter one is vulnerable in that other. Thereafter one's whole existence may be quickened and brightened or darkened and desolated, by what happens to him or her; so closely are the fortunes, the interests of the two beings intertwined.

We might compare the human soul to a circle having for its center the indestructible sense of selfhood, from which center radii go forth to every point of the circumference; and the relation of two souls in love, to that of two concentric circles each centered where the other is. Yet the comparison is faulty, for each of these circles both includes and is included in the other, and no rela-

tion in space can adequately represent a spiritual relation of this kind.

The spiritual meaning of love transfigures the passion, transforms the fleeting fancy into a constant and growing attachment, the passing romance into a story without end whose interest never flags. It is the unity of life that is the keynote of love, the actual and ever increasing blending of two into one, that lends to love its noble beauty, its divine significance.

The fact, however, that there is a spiritual power in us, namely, a power which unifies our life with that of others, which brings it to pass that these others come to be regarded by us as other selves—this fact comes home to us even more forcibly in sorrow than in joy, is thrown into clearest relief on a background of pain. For instance, in the case of the love of a parent for an unworthy son. Your boy is a part of you. Not merely physically. The tie of blood often seems like a mere accident, almost like a trick of nature. The boy perhaps resembles someone else far more than he does you. And yet, he is a part of you. And over his faults you agonize almost as if you yourself had committed them. At least, you feel that you, in him, somehow bear the blame; that you are disgraced and put to shame. And yet, from the spiritual point of view, you cannot cut him off. He is your other self. Much as you may abhor the qualities that confront you in him you must labor over him, seek with endless patience to win him back, bear the burden of his misdeeds, because you and he somehow are identified in your own consciousness. And the more you thus identify yourself with him, the more you let the misery of that other self pierce you, the more will you reap, at least, a spiritual gain. You will obtain through this moral suffering spiritual insight.

You will realize that you and another are indivisibly connected.

They say it is wrong that there should be such vicarious suffering as I have described, wrong that one person should do the evil and another undergo the suffering. But such vicarious suffering is the rule of the spiritual world. The parents of whom I speak know that they must vicariously suffer. Everyone who loves another, when that other becomes guilt-stricken, knows that he must vicariously suffer; just as when one whom we love is stricken with cholera or with small-pox, we may not desert him, but will risk even our life in the attempt to save him. In the New Testament we read the story of the Prodigal Son who acted so ungratefully toward his father, demanded his share of the estate before his father was dead, went away into a far country, wasted his substance in riotous living, and, at last, when reduced to the lowest level of penury and degradation, bethought himself of his father's house and said:

"I will go to my father and say to him, 'Father, I am not worthy any more to be thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.'" And when his father saw him, he fell on his neck and wept with pure joy, and said:

"Bring forth the best robe, and put a ring upon his finger, and shoes upon his feet, and let us be merry. For this, my son, was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found."

I have often thought, in reading this touching story, that there is one more touching still that might be told —of the prodigal son who does not return, and of the father who waits and waits in vain, and yet does not cease waiting and yearning.

And again the painful love which we bear toward enemies—strangers who have done us a wrong—teaches the same truth. In their case, there is not even the tie

of consanguinity to suggest a physical explanation. There is no physical connection whatever. Simply on the ground of their being fellow-beings, we recognize that they, too, are other selves; that the degradation of humanity in them, of which their wrong-doing is evidence, concerns us—not in so far as we are the objects of their injury, but in so far as we, knowing better than others their evil state, are especially called upon to redeem them, to call into activity their latent spiritual life which is the same spiritual life that is in us also. And it is on this account that what is called the forgiveness of enemies, or, better, the redemption of enemies, has become a sort of test of religion. He who has so disciplined himself as to undertake this difficult duty, he who does not hate his enemy because of the injury received from him, but unfeignedly compassionates him because of the moral evil to which he has fallen a prey —he understands in a practical way the idea of spirit, of the unity of life with life. He is religious, whether he expresses his religion in definite doctrines or not; he has seen the light; he has tasted the water; he has found, in his own experience, the fact on which all religious systems are built as superstructures.

And there are other inward experiences which lead to the same fundamental spiritual truth; it is always the same, the truth that our spirit is indissolubly connected with all spirit whatsoever. I have not time to go further into this subject in any detail. But there are two additional experiences of this sort that I should like briefly to mention. When we work for great objects which lie in the remote future, the benefits of which we hope will some day accrue to humanity at large, we are sustained in our efforts, whether we be conscious of the thought or not, by the feeling that time makes no difference so far as the achievement of those ends is con-

cerned; and that it does not matter who the particular person may be who is to reap the advantage, whether it be ourselves or some one who will live ages hence. What we labor for, is to upbuild the kingdom of the spirit. And we conceive of ourselves as somehow identical in being with those who are to come after us; for it is in the nature of spirit that its separate members, dispersed though they be in space and time, are still, at the center, one; for all these rays of light that enter for a season into separate human bodies, may be regarded as emanations from one luminary, in it united. So that we may say concerning those who come after us, and who will reap the benefit of our labors, that we shall attain to increasing perfection in them. And the more we meet with obstacles and difficulties in our efforts to promote the world's betterment, and every earnest effort is sure to meet with obstacles, the more painful the struggle is, and it must be painful if it is to lead to lasting results; the greater the pain is, the more clearly, as a benign compensation, will shine forth in us the truth that we are one in spirit with those who are remote from us in space and time.

And finally, there is the experience of the decline of our powers and faculties in old age, usually so humiliating to old people. The time will come when the blood shall run sluggishly in our veins, when the form shall be bent, the gait become slow, and the eyes dim, and the keen blade of thought shall lose its edge. And yet, just in this period of life, we sometimes see a beautiful spectacle. We see aged men who insist on dying in harness; who though perfectly aware that what they can do is pitifully little, yet insist on doing that little, and take a kind of glory in doing it, despite the fact that it is little —nay, because it is little. Why do they take a kind of glory in taxing the remnant of their strength to produce

what, as a result, is almost inappreciable? And why does their conduct seem to us beautiful? Because of what is implied in it, whether they themselves are fully conscious of the implication or not. And what is implied in it? That the power which works through us toward the development of this, as yet, unfinished world, is sufficient unto its ends; that the least we can do is worth doing, because it is backed by that infinite spiritual force which proceeds, through the instrumentality of our efforts and beyond our utmost efforts, toward its goal. The greatest we can accomplish is really little. But in the glow of achievement we are not apt to remember this. We are apt to be full of self-importance. It is in the moment of weakness that we realize, through contrast, the strength of the power in whose bosom we lie, whose very humble organs and ministers we are. It is then that we come to understand that, isolated from it, we should be nothing; at one with it, identified with it, we participate in its eternal nature, in its resistless course.

Thus it is, then, that our experience in bearing pain can yield us, as a result, the consciousness that there is a spiritual power in us. Our experience in taking upon ourselves the burden of the faults of others, teaches us that we are one with others. Our experience in working for distant generations, teaches us that this unity is unaffected by remoteness of space and time. Our experience in persisting to labor despite weakness and poverty of achievement, brings nearer to us the truth that we are one with the universal spirit, which is sufficient to those ends which are also our ends.

The religion that is to satisfy us, must be a religion of progress, of evolution, of development, understood not in the scientific but in the moral sense. I have asked the question: How can one get religion? And

the answer has been, "through experience." We must find in our own inner life the facts which are capable of being interpreted in terms of a religious system, the foundations upon which the superstructure of a helpful philosophy of religion can be built. This is true with regard to any religion whatsoever, and it is true with regard to a religion of progress. We must be progressive ourselves, if we are to have faith in progress. We must be constantly developing, if we are to have faith in unbounded further development. And especially we must be progressing in a moral direction. This, in a general way, will be conceded by almost everybody. But I wish to call attention to a special condition that must be fulfilled, in order that we may be really progressive. That special condition is that we shall acquire the habit of counting the mile-stones on our way; that we shall compare the moral status we have at present attained, with that which was ours, say five years ago, or ten years ago; that we shall keep track of our development, keep faithful count of our net gains and losses. Only those who fulfill this duty of comparison, only those who frequently review their life as a whole, with a view of appraising the results, can be really progressive.

Are we getting on intellectually? Is our mind becoming richer, our thinking faculty more strenuous, or is it becoming flabbier as the years go by? Are we less capable of mental concentration, of getting the meat out of solid books? Are we more disposed to feed on the chaff of literature? No one can make intellectual progress who does not carefully watch himself in these particulars, and try to recover lost ground if he be lapsing. And the same applies to the moral progress in which here we are more specially interested. Do we possess more fortitude, or less, in encountering unavoid-

able pain? Are we in better or worse control of our passions, of our tempers? Alas, that many of us, as we grow older become more irascible, a greater trial and burden to our daily associates. Are we more broadly charitable in our judgment of others, in our conduct toward others; more ready to make allowance for their faults, to bear with their shortcomings? Are we more, or are we less, devoted to the large public ends of humanity. Has our idealism been a mere ebullition of optimistic youth, a flash in the pan? Or does it grow wiser and warmer with the years? Does it burn with a steadier glow? Are we learning resignation, renunciation, and trust? It is by the honest reply given to these questions that we must decide whether we are progressing or retrograding. And, if the latter, let us at least face the fact. There is no use in blinking it. Let us pass through the hell of self-confession first, and then courage, courage! No one is committed to evil unless he chooses to be. No one is lost unless he desires to be. From the detestable thralldom of evil the worst of evil-doers can free himself, if he will, even at the last moment.

The religion of progress can be a real religion only for those who progress. If we move forward and upward, we shall have faith in an upward movement, without limit; we shall have the trust of which the poet speaks, "that somehow good shall be the final goal of ill," the trust in "one far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves!"

THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF MARRIAGE.*

BY FELIX ADLER.

What we need is an enlarged and a more satisfactory ethical theory of marriage. Of unethical theories there is, at present, an unwelcome profusion. The "Anti-Marriage League," as it has been called, displays the greatest activity in almost every country of Europe. In French, in German, in Scandinavian, and recently, to our surprise, also in English literature, its subversive doctrines are propounded with an almost fanatical pertinacity. With these attacks we are not here concerned. To refute them is not our affair except indirectly by the criticism which is implied in every positive statement. But when we look about for a positive and ethical theory of marriage, we find that almost the only one in the field, the only one, at all events, that has authority over great multitudes of men is the Christian theory. And the question arises: Is that satisfactory? Is it sufficient? Can we rely on that to withstand the attack that is now being made by a host of able and determined foes?

Perhaps it may seem to you somewhat pedantic to go in quest of a theory from which to deduce the duties which husbands and wives owe to each other. Are not these duties obvious? Is not wedlock the one instance in which inclination and duty go together, however they

*This lecture has been out of print for some time, and is reprinted by request.

and is still very widely entertained; a belief which led men and women to flee conjugal society, as if there were contagion in it, and to bury themselves in the wilderness or in the solitude of convents and monasteries.

On the other hand, the Catholic Church characterized marriage as a sacrament. How are we to understand this seeming contradiction? If marriage is an obstacle to the attainment of perfection, if celibacy is unquestionably to be preferred to it, if it is "the thorn on which blooms the rose of virginity," how can it be a sacrament? There are seven sacraments in the Catholic Church: baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, penance, holy orders, extreme unction and marriage. It is necessary, for the purpose of my argument, to dwell in the briefest possible manner on the nature of sacraments. What is a sacrament? It has been defined as the sign of a sacred thing, as the visible form of an invisible grace. It is, in the first place, a sign or symbol, useful because of what it suggests. Take the Sacrament of the Eucharist, for instance. The wafer, the unleavened bread, is received by the communicant. As the bread is the nourishment of the body, so Christ is the nourishment of the soul. Or, take the sacrament of baptism. As water in general cleanses the outside of man, so this baptismal water cleanses the soul. But the sacrament, from the orthodox point of view, is far more than a mere symbol. It is also efficacious to produce that which it symbolizes. The water of baptism, for instance, does actually remove the stain of original sin. The wafer, when consecrated by the priest, does actually nourish the soul—that is, build up in it faith and goodness and promote a renewal of the inner life. But how is this possible? What efficacy has bread or water to produce a change in the inner, unseen

realm of ideas and motives? The answer is that the sacraments have no such efficacy except as it is communicated to them miraculously by God. A sacrament is merely a channel through which the flood of supernatural influence pours into the human soul. The first point, therefore, to be remembered is that when the Catholic Church declares marriage to be a sacrament it does not dignify it as greatly as might be supposed. Marriage, as such, is not an instrument of moral perfection for those who enter into it. There is no intrinsic virtue in the conjugal relation to transform the character of husband and wife, to lift them to a nobler plane of being. Whatever grace may be conceded to it is connected with it rather in an external fashion, as spiritual purification and spiritual nourishment are connected with water and bread.

Secondly, what are the higher ends which, according to the view of the Church, marriage is intended to subserve? They are described notably in two passages of Scripture—the one, the passage in Genesis, where we read "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh"—which means one being; and the other in the famous fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, where the author defines the terms on which this union between husband and wife is to be concluded. "Therefore," he says, "as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands." "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church." And husbands shall love their wives, as Christ loved the Church that he might sanctify it and purify it, that he might present it to himself, a glorious Church, holy and without blemish; so ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. From these words we gather that the Apostle assigns

to the husband the duty of saving his wife, of sanctifying her, and freeing her from blemish. It almost seems as if woman were supposed to be one removed farther away from Christ than man; for as Christ is the head of the Church, so the husband is to be the head of the wife—that is, her lord, her guide, and she is to submit herself in all things to him. It almost seems—yes, in my estimation, it clearly follows, that woman is regarded as morally the inferior of man, a weaker person, of feebler understanding and less steadfast will. The husband is to love the wife with complete self-sacrifice, to present her to himself a glorious being free from any flaw. But the inference throughout is that this influence it not to be reciprocal. He is to save her. She is not required also to save him, for he is elevated above her. There shall, therefore, be unquestionably, a perfect union between them. But in this union the dominating role, the role of ruler, savior, teacher, is assigned to the man. And this, it must be remembered, is the highest point of view with respect to marriage which the Christian Scriptures reached. The reasons why marriage was converted into a sacrament by the Catholic Church are obvious. First, because the power of the Church over the family was enormously increased by making the validity of matrimonial engagements subject to its consent, and by asserting for the ecclesiastical courts the right of judgment in all disputes that might arise afterwards. Secondly, as the position continued to be maintained that wedlock is merely a concession to the frailty of human nature ("it is better to marry than to burn"), and that the single life is better, it was deemed proper, at least, to redeem his less worthy relationship by spiritualizing it as far as possible. Yet, of all the sacraments, that of marriage seems to have been esteemed the least spiritual, and the inherent

contradiction that lies in the persisent glorificaion of celibacy, on the one hand, and in the attempt to elevate matrimony, on the other, was never entirely overcome.

In the days of the Reformation the sacramental theory was abandoned. The view, however, expressed by the Apostle Paul as to the subordination of woman to man in wedlock continued to prevail, and prevails to this day. In this point there seems to be no disagreement between Catholics and their opponents. A prominent French Theologian of the present century, speaking of the home, compares the husband to the king, the children to the subjects, and the wife to the prime minister. Her position is an intermediate one. She is, like the children, subject to her sovereign, but she has the privilege of giving him advice and carrying into effect his decisions. Jeremy Taylor, who, in his book on "Holy Living," has, in some respects written excellently of marriage and given counsel which well deserves to be read and heeded, yet, when he comes to speak of the point here in question, compares the wife to the human frame and the husband to the soul that animates it, thus again clearly emphasizing the subordination and inferiority of the former. Milton baldly asserts, on the authority of Genesis, that woman was created for man, to be a helpmeet at his side, and not conversely, man created for woman. In one of the standard works on Catholic theology, recently published, I find the statement that it belongs to the husband to be the ruler in the home, on the ground that woman is physically and intellectually the feebler of the two. And the same statement, almost in identical language, I find in a leading work on Protestant theology. Finally, in the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, we find that the minister addresses the bridegroom in these words: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, etc.? Wilt

thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, etc.?" But when he addresses the bride he says: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and before the words "Wilt thou love him, honor and keep him?" he inserts the words, "Wilt thou obey him and serve him?" And when the bridegroom speaks he says: "I take thee to my wedded wife, to love and to cherish, etc." And when the bride speaks she is required to say: I take thee to my wedded husband, to love, cherish and to obey, etc." Do not these words, taken in connection with the past history of the Christian doctrine of marriage, clearly show that, to this day, according to the accepted Christian theory, the husband is regarded as the superior, the wife as the inferior?

I have dwelt on this theory in order, by contrast, to set forth my own views the more plainly. There are two points at which I find myself differing from this current Christian theory: First, I hold that the conjugal relation, if rightly understood, is inherently holy—not hallowed by some supposed supernatural afflatus communicated through the priestly blessings; that it has intrinsically the power of refining and exalting the character; that it can be and ought to be a school of virtue. Secondly, I hold that, that neither the wife should obey the husband nor the husband the wife; that neither the one nor the other is to be regarded as the superior or the inferior of the other; nor yet that they are equal in the sense of being wholly alike, but that each has a peculiar sphere of influence, and that these two spheres are not indeed equal in the sense of being the same in kind, but equivalent—that is, equal—in value. I hold that there are fundamental differences which distinguish the sexes in their mental and moral make-up, and that marriage is designed to bring about the co-relation of these differences, their mutual adapta-

tion and reconciliation in a higher harmony. Whether my hearers will agree with me as to the ethical theory of marriage, which I wish here to indicate rather than to develop, depends upon whether they agree with me as to the nature of these fundamental differences. I shall proceed briefly to point out what I have in mind.

This is a subject which must be approached with diffidence and in a reverential spirit. The last triumphant achievement of the human race will be self-knowledge. Man will know the stars and their courses, his eye will pierce the veil that shuts him out from the surrounding universe, and he will go far in fathoming the intimate secrets of Nature before he will ever be able to solve the enigma of his own nature. That riddle will be the last to be read. So, when we speak of the ultimate differences that distinguish man from woman, we touch upon a matter in which there are depths below depths, and in which, at best, only a few main points that arises conspicuous to the surface, can be seized. I am convinced that the present tendency to accentuate the qualities in which the sexes are alike is only a temporary reaction against the unjust discrimination in the past in favor of men, for the differences are more important than the similarities. I am convinced that the more attention is turned to this subject—and it is only beginning to be carefully considered—the more distinctly will these differences be delineated; yes, I believe that, as evolution progresses, new differences between the sexes will emerge which do not yet appear, or exist only potentially; and that one of the fairest results of the development of the human race will be the increasing differentiation of the sexes, leading to ever new, ever more complex, ever more subtle reciprocal adjustments in the organization of wedded life,

Among the most common opinions as to the differ-

ences which actually subsist I mention the following: Woman's gift, it is said, is that of swift intuition; man's, that of sustained and strenuous reasoning. Woman excels in the observation of details; man, in the apprehension of universal principles and in their application. Woman particularizes; man generalizes. Woman represents the element of emotion and impulse in society; man, the intellectual element. None of these distinctions are quite satisfactory. The last, especially, is manifestly unfair. On the one hand, woman's mind, too, is capable of the greatest intellectual expansion. Some women in the past have shown themselves equal to the most difficult intellectual feats, and, if the number of these has not been greater, it is but right to remember that their opportunities for intellectual cultivation have been far inferior to those of men. On the other hand, man, too, is capable of rich and varied emotions. If he were not, how could we explain the fact that the greatest interpreters of the emotional life, the greatest masters of the arts of poetry and music, have been men?

To arrive at a more just conclusion, to get a positive footing, let us inquire what actually has been the influence of average woman in human society, and what has been the influence of rare and exceptional women on some of the most eminent of men. If we find that both sorts of influences coincide, that they differ only in degree, and not in kind, then we may permit ourselves to believe that our estimate, if not entirely adequate, is at least correct as far as it goes.

The influence of women on men in the past, it seems to me, has been chiefly three-fold. In the first place, they have called out the slumbering energies of men, have put men on their mettle. He who remembers what a handicap to progress the *vis inertiae* is, will

realize the capital importance of any influence in human society which is capable of overcoming this inertia, this indisposition to put forth effort. Woman's influence has been a main factor of progress from this point of view. Even among the lower animals we find that the males display their fiercest prowess in those contests of which the females are the prizes; and that birds exhibit their most gorgeous plumage and pour forth their most entrancing song in the season of courtship. In the human world the praise of woman has been an incentive of a still more potent kind and in a far higher way. In the Bible we read that when Saul and David returned from their terrible struggle with the hostile Philistines, it was the women who apportioned the meed of praise to the victors, singing: "Saul has slain his thousands; David his ten thousands." And it was the relative dispraise implied in this song that darkened the mind of the king In Sparta, when the soldier returned from the war "neither with his shield nor upon it," but without it, it was the scorn of the women that made life to him intolerable. In the Middle Ages, again, what deeds of daring were performed in the tournaments, by the knights, under the eyes of women! The stimulating effect of woman's favor in spurring on ambition and calling forth great deeds is too well known to require comment. But it should be noted that in the humblest walks of life the same effect has been and is perpetually produced. The desire to be found worthy in the eyes of some woman, to win her hand, her favor, is one of the principal means of rousing young men to initial efforts in the struggle of life, of disciplining them in habits of industry and patient endeavor. And the obligation of supporting a wife operates, later on, in the same direction. The favor of women and the dependence of women on men are thus important in-

strumentalities toward overcoming that natural inertia which hinders progress.

The second influence which woman exerts is to make men gentler. She has conquered and tamed and civilized man by the strength that lies in her weakness. She has taught him *to respect rights which cannot be enforced.* Those who forget this leave out of account one of the most important factors of human culture. Physically, woman is at the mercy of man. In any conflict of strength she is no match for him. What keeps man in a certain awe of her? It is admiration for her beauty, and reverence for something in her that is greater than beauty. It seems to be woman's mission to lead the world upward morally. She does this largely by teaching men that there are rights which they must respect, on penalty of losing their self-respect. It has often been said that no class can safely leave the protection of its rights in the hands of another class; that justice will never be done to those who have not a share in the government—in other words, to those who cannot back up their claims by bringing force to bear. I believe this to be true of all classes, but not of the sexes. I do not believe that woman requires a share in the government in order that justice may be done to her. If the laws formerly discriminated against her, it was because opinion discriminated against her. As soon as opinion changed the laws changed. The securing of their property rights to women, the protection accorded by factory legislation to women, the opening of the gates of professions, and of the higher institutions of learning to women, have all been accomplished without their having had a direct share in the government. I do not deny, indeed, that they should possess such a share on other grounds. I simply express my conviction that those are mistaken who think

that they can increase woman's influence for good by teaching her, like man, to wield the instruments of force in her own behalf. On the contrary, woman's forte has always been to conquer without force, to teach men to respect rights to the respecting of which they cannot be constrained. Yes, the greatest good she has conferred upon the world has been due to just this teaching.

But the third factor of woman's influence is the highest. It is peculiarly woman's function in the moral world to hold up the standard for man to which he shall conform in his acts. She does not commonly express this standard in abstract formulas. She reflects it in her ways, and in what she approves or disapproves of. Woman is the appointed guardian of the unwritten law. Let courts of justice protect the written law; she preserves the unwritten law. She is keenly aware, by a sort of instinct, of what is right to be done. She insists that it be done. It is for this reason that the teachings of mothers are often so much more effectual than those of fathers. It is the voice of tradition, the voice of humanity, the conscience of mankind pregnant with implicit truths which it would be impossible perhaps to make explicit, that speaks from the lips of mothers. It is more often the voice of the individual understanding that speaks from the lips of fathers. And the former has infinitely more weight than the latter. But of course there are two sides to this influence. The unwritten law is made up partly of moral elements, partly of custom and social convention; and the influence of women, therefore, who cling to what is customary is likely to be both evil and good—evil in so far as they are apt to take the conservative side blindly, to maintain whatever is traditional merely because it is so; good be-

cause, among the traditions which they support, the moral traditions are particularly dear to them. It is evident, from what has been said, that we are not to set up woman in an extravagant fashion as a divinity. If she holds up the standard, the standard may be faulty and require correction; it may be narrow and require expansion. But this I take to be the right relation between the sexes, these the offices which they can render one another, that woman shall call out the slumbering energies of man, his inmost capabilities; that she shall teach him to submit to a law which is not sanctioned by force; and that, in matters of the intellect, as well as of morals, she shall become his guide—not by a formulated code, but by the things that she approves or disapproves. And that conversely it is man's function, by his influence upon her mind, to enlarge and widen and raise ever higher the standard by which she is to judge him.

Think of the immense broadening of woman's sphere that is implied in the position thus indicated. Nothing short of the very best education that the universities can give is required in order that she may fitly fill this role of judging the intellectual pursuits of men, of critically estimating the intellectual ends they work for, and of suggesting to them other, higher targets; of preventing men from becoming one-sided in their mental life by over specialism, and of keeping the various sciences themselves in touch with the needs of life. I take this last to be perhaps the deepest expression of woman's peculiar mission. Woman is the cherisher of life. In her bosom the life of the race is perpetuated. And it is her peculiar office, in the intellectual realm also, to make good the claims of life. At the present day, for instance, the natural sciences, or at least, many of the scientists, have reached conclusions by which mankind

cannot live, conclusions which conflict with the hopes, the aspirations, the needs of the human race. When woman shall come to play her distinctive part in the sciences, when the differentiæ of sex shall be accentuated in the scientific realm, we may expect that her influence will show itself precisely in preventing such aberrations. She is to stand, as I think, for the total point of view. Her supreme function it that of criticism, not only of negative criticism but of positive criticism. I do not mean that she shall impertinently interfere with the search for truth by pressing the so-called claims of the heart, but rather that she will judge of the results which science reaches, and, if they are not such as men can live by, that she will rightly insist on treating them as provisional, as not yet representing the highest form of truth.

And, in like manner, woman will require the broadest possible understanding of the social problems of our day if she is to help us by setting up a standard of action with respect to these problems; if she is to expound for us the unwritten law of conduct in the domain of social ethics. A woman of such a kind, a woman who has grasped the tendencies of science and is able to direct them toward what should be their remoter goal, who sees the trend of social evolution and is able to indicate, even though it be in merest outline, the path along which it should move, and who thus discharges the function of positive criticism, would not be less than an Aristotle, or a Kant, or a Spencer, but possibly greater than these. What in them is knowledge would, in her, be fused into wisdom. What in them is understanding would, in her, be ripened into insight. But in truth the relation which I have described is a reciprocal one. In such relationships there can be no question of inferiority or superiority. And the Christian theory is here transcended. Not

woman is to obey man any more than man is to obey woman. Not man alone is to be the savior of woman, but woman, also, the savior of man, intellectually as well as morally. The influence of each is necessary to the other. Each performs a function different from that of the other, but indispensable to that other. Whatever is achieved is their joint attainment.

Has there ever been, as a matter of fact, any such influence exerted? Let me choose two examples from two great lives, the one that of Michaelangelo, the other that of Goethe. During his last sojourn in Rome, Michelangelo met Vittoria Colonna. She was the widow of the famous conqueror of Pavia, the Marquis Pescara. She was the daughter of a proud and ancient house. Pope and Emperor distinguished her with their favor. Princes vied in vain for her hand. She had been, in younger years, a rare beauty. She was reputed the first among the many poetesses whom Italy produced in the age of the Renaissance. When Michelangelo met her, he had already achieved those masterpieces by which he has become immortal. He had painted the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. He had carved his Moses and the Slaves, and the tomb of the Medici in San Lorenzo. He was on the summit of his renown, and he was well advanced in years—in his sixtieth year. The verses, therefore, which he addressed to Vittoria, and in which he celebrates her power over him, are not to be regarded as the extravagances of a romantic imagination, but rather as the sober utterances of a sincere nature. And what does Vittoria do for Michelangelo according to his testimony? Precisely the thing which, as we have seen, it is in the nature of women to do for men; which ordinary women do in a more ordinary way, and exceptional women do in an exceptionally complete and beautiful way. She challenges him to his highest

performance. She sets him tasks. His chisel and his brush are active in her service, and, as he expresses it in one of his sonnets, the best he can accomplish seems poor to him compared to the divine grace which rains from her spirit—that "divino spirito di cui era inamorato." Thus she helps his mental development by what *she suggests,* by what *she exacts.* And on the side of character, too, she helps him, as he himself tells us in that sonnet, in which he likens himself to an unfinished model in clay which is by her perfected; she adding what is missing, and, with sharp file, removing what is redundant, and reining in his all too fiery impulses, and strengthening him always by her trust in him, her appreciation of him; as, when he brought her his wonderful painting of the Crucifixion, in which the angel Michael, the most beautiful figure of the group, is seen standing at one side of Christ—she, with a sweet play upon his name, said that the angel Michael, whom he had painted so worthily, should one day yield his place in Paradise to him—Michelangelo.

And my other example is taken from the life of Goethe. Goethe said that he owed what he was to two persons—Shakespeare, among the dead, and to Charlotte von Stein, among the living. And what were the things, according to his own account, that she did for him? Precisely the same things which we have set forth. He says:

"Thou dids scan each feature of my being,
Note of every inmost nerve the thrill.
Thou didst read me with thy glance, far-seeing,
Who, to others, am impenetrable still.
Thou dids moderate the hot blood's headlong force.
Thou didst guide aright my wild and erring course."

In other words, mentally she helped him by understanding him and teaching him to understand himself; and

morally she helped him by "moderating the hot blood's headlong force."

And now I have reached the end; and yet I have only spoken of the relations of men and women in general, of what they ought to do for each other, and be to each other, and not of husbands and wives in particular. But the application is easily made. The wife is just the one woman who can best perform these high offices for her husband, decipher his soul, discover what qualities are latent in him, read his defects in the light of his possible excellence, spur him on to his best performance, sustain him by her faith when he fails, and when he succeeds and gains the world's applause help him to rate such applause at its proper worth, and to aspire beyond it toward aims that rise above the common approbation. And the husband, on his side, renders a similar service to the wife, by helping her to become such a woman as she aspires to be, as she may be. And only those who are linked together in life-long companionship, in the bond of love, only two that are become as one, can do this and be this one to another.

Such is the spiritual meaning of marriage as it appeals to me. Glad should I be if it appeals to you also; and happy, indeed, if I may have contributed toward magnifying in your eyes a relationship than which, if it be rightly understood, none can be more favorable to inward growth and inward development, and none purer —pure as angels' salutations!

A MORNING AND EVENING WISDOM GEM FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

COMPILED BY WALTER L. SHELDON,
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JANUARY-APRIL.

JANUARY 1.

Morning. The longer I live, the more obvious it is to me that the most sacred act of a man's life is to say and to feel, "I believe such and such to be true."

—*Huxley.*

Evening. We are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JANUARY 2.

Morning. The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.—*Emerson.*

Evening. If thou thinkest that thou understandest and knowest much, know also that there be many things more which thou knowest not.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

JANUARY 3.

Morning. He who is born with capacities for any undertaking, finds in executing this the fairest portion of his being.—*Goethe.*

Evening. We must learn to detach ourselves from all that is capable of being lost, to bind ourselves absolutely only to what is absolute and eternal, and to enjoy the rest as a loan.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JANUARY 4.

Morning. A patient man will bear for a time, and afterward joy shall spring up unto him.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Great is the issue at stake, greater than appears, whether a man is to be good or bad. And what will any one be profited if, under the influence of money or power, he neglect justice and virtue?—*Plato.*

JANUARY 5.

Morning. What, then, is to be done? To make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it occurs.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, not light them for themselves; for if our virtues did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike as if we had them not.—*Shakespeare.*

JANUARY 6.

Morning. Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. I have an enormous longing after the highest and best in all shapes—a longing which haunts me and is the demon which ever impels me to work, and will let me have no rest unless I am doing his behests. —*Huxley.*

JANUARY 7.

Morning. No longer be either dissatisfied with thy present lot, or shrink from the futue.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical.—*Emerson.*

JANUARY 8.

Morning. I had rather feel compunction than understand the definition thereof.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The fabric of our life is formed of necessity and chance: the reason of man takes its station between them, and may rule them both; it treats the necessary as the groundwork of its being; the accidental it can direct and guide, and employ for its own purposes. —*Goethe.*

JANUARY 9.

Morning. Duty has the virtue of making us feel the reality of a positive world while at the same time detaching us from it.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. This must be our notion of the just man, that even when he is in poverty or sickness, or any other seeming misfortune, all things will in the end work together for good to him in life and death.
—*Plato.*

JANUARY 10.

Morning. Whatsoever is brought upon thee take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. I must die,—if instantly, I will die instantly; if in a short time, I will dine first, and when the hour comes, then will I die. How? As becomes one who restores what is not his own.—*Epictetus.*

JANUARY 11.

Morning. O heaven! were man but constant, he were perfect.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

JANUARY 12.

Morning. There are things which each must bear as he best may with the strength that has been allotted to him.—*Huxley.*

Evening. Thou must now at last perceive that a limit of time is fixed for thee, which if thou dost not use for clearing away the clouds from the mind, it will go and thou wilt go, and it will never return.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JANUARY 13.

Morning. 'Tis not important how the hero does this or that, but what he is.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Each man has his own fortune in his hands; as the artist has a piece of rude matter, which he is to fashion to a certain shape. But the art of living rightly is like all arts: the capacity alone is born with us; it must be learned, and practiced with incessant care.
—*Goethe.*

JANUARY 14.

Morning. If the thing is impossible, you need not trouble yourselves about it; if possible, try for it.
—*Ruskin.*

Evening. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity.—*Plato.*

JANUARY 15.

Morning. Truth is truth to the end of reckoning.
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it; but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—*Epictetus.*

JANUARY 16.

Morning. Envy thou not the man of violence, and choose none of his ways.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Who so clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvelousness.—*Huxley.*

JANUARY 17.

Morning. That is good for every part of nature which the nature of the whole brings, and what serves to maintain this nature.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. Obedience is our universal Duty and Destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break; too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would in this world of ours is as mere zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall.—*Carlyle.*

JANUARY 18.

Morning. Vanity it is to wish to live long and to be careless to live well.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind it; everything contributes imperceptibly to form us.—*Goethe.*

JANUARY 19.

Morning. Gold is tried in the fire and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. We are all frail, but thou oughtest to esteem none more frail than thyself.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

JANUARY 20.

Morning. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Show what is in thee! Now is the moment, now is the hour, else fall back into nothingness! It is thy turn! Give the world thy measure, say thy word, reveal thy nullity or thy capacity.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

JANUARY 21.

Morning. Never make your life to lie in one thing and yet seek progress in another.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. And so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make the soul more unjust; and good to the life which will make his soul more just; all else he will disregard.—*Plato.*

JANUARY 22.

Morning. Do wrong to thyself, do wrong to thyself, my soul; but thou wilt no longer have the opportunity of honoring thyself.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. The ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.—*Huxley.*

JANUARY 23.

Morning. It is the measure of a man,—his apprehension of a day.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: yes, with all thou hast, get understanding.

—*The Book of Proverbs.*

JANUARY 24.

Morning. Without eyes thou shalt want light: profess not the knowledge, therefore, that thou hast not.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Come forth from the shade! It is no longer a question of promising—thou must perform. The time of apprenticeship is over. Servant, show us what thou hast done with thy talent. Speak now, or be silent forever.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JANUARY 25.

Morning. And what, Socrates, is the food of the soul? Surely, he said, knowledge is the food of the soul.—*Plato.*

Evening. Spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues, nor Nature never lends the smallest scruple of her excellence, but, like a thrifty goddess, she determines herself the glory of a creditor.—*Shakespeare.*

JANUARY 26.

Morning. Make not an idol of your clothes, and you will not be enraged with the thief.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. The path of the righteous is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. —*The Book of Proverbs.*

JANUARY 27.

Morning. The education of the will is the object of our existence.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Those are triflers who have wearied themselves in life by their activity, and yet have no object to which to direct every movement, and, in a word, all their thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JANUARY 28.

Morning. Happy is he whom truth by itself doth teach, not by figures and words that pass away; but as it is in itself.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. He held a roll before him, and seemed to look at it with still attention. It was placed so that you could read with ease the words which stood there: *Think of Living.—Goethe.*

JANUARY 29.

Morning. Accept no person against thy soul, and let not the reverence of any man cause thee to fall. —*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Science is the power of man, and love his strength; man becomes man only by intelligence, but he is man only by the heart. Knowledge, love, power,—there is the complete life.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JANUARY 30.

Morning. There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. All good and evil, whether in the body or in human nature, originates in the soul. And, therefore, if the head and body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul.—*Plato.*

JANUARY 31.

Morning. The soul does violence to itself when it is overpowered by pleasure or by pain.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. Thoughtful men, once escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudices, will find in the lowly stock whence man has sprung, the best evidence of the splendor of his capacities; and will discern, in his long progress through the past, a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler future.
—*Huxley.*

FEBRUARY 1.

Morning. They can conquer who believe they can. It is he who has done the deed once who does not shrink from attempting it again.—*Emerson.*

Evening. He to whom all things are one, he who reduceth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy a quiet mind—*Thomas a Kempis.*

FEBRUARY 2.

Morning. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. I am contented, if my desires and aversions are conformable to nature; if I seek and shun that which I ought, and thus regulate my purposes, my efforts and my opinions.—*Epictetus.*

FEBRUARY 3.

Morning. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Not what I have, but what I Do, is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; and to each by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Capability.—*Carlyle.*

FEBRUARY 4.

Morning. The height charms us, the steps to it do not: with the summit in our eye we love to walk along the plain.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready, is, at bottom, to know how to die.—*Amiel's Journal.*

FEBRUARY 5.

Morning. Be not hasty in thy tongue, and in thy deeds slack and remiss.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. You, my friend,—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul?—*Plato.*

FEBRUARY 6.

Morning. Each man has an aptitude born with him: do your work.—*Emerson.*

Evening. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to any one who will take it of me.—*Huxley.*

FEBRUARY 7.

Morning. Who hath a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The things from the gods merit veneration for their excellence; and the things from men should be dear to us by reason of kinship; and sometimes, even in a manner, they move our pity by reason of men's ignorance of good and bad.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

FEBRUARY 8.

Morning. I do not say you may never groan, but do not groan in spirit.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such an one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire; and new Emissaries, with new tactics, too, if possible, entrap him.—*Carlyle.*

FEBRUARY 9.

Morning. He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Let mystery have its place in you; do not be always turning up your whole soil with the ploughshare of self-examination, but leave a little fallow corner in your heart ready for any seed the winds may bring, and reserve a nook of shadow for the passing bird; keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guest, an altar for the unknown God.—*Amiel's Journal.*

FEBRUARY 10.

Morning. There are few who at once have Thought and the capacity of Action. Thought expands, but lames; Action animates, but narrows.—*Goethe.*

Evening. 'Tis all men's office to speak patience to those that wring under the load of sorrow, but no man's virtue nor sufficiency to be so moral when he shall endure the like himself.—*Shakespeare.*

FEBRUARY 11.

Morning. Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantic among thy servants.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. The difficulty, my friends, is not to avoid death, but to avoid unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death.—*Plato.*

FEBRUARY 12.

Morning. We ought to check in the series of our thoughts everything that is without a purpose and useless.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. The higher the state of civilization the more completely do the actions of one member of the social body influence all the rest, and the less possible is it for any one man to do a wrong thing without interfering, more or less, with the freedom of all his fellow-citizens.—*Huxley.*

FEBRUARY 13.

Morning. The light by which we see in this world comes out from the soul of the observer.—*Emerson.*

Evening. All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it; and no knowledge of ours is without some darkness.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

FEBRUARY 14.

Morning. Difficulties are things that show what men are.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.
—*Shakespeare.*

FEBRUARY 15.

Morning. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great wealth.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. It is all men that make up mankind, all powers taken together that make up the world.—*Goethe.*

FEBRUARY 16.

Morning. Let not thine hand be stretched out to receive, and shut when thou shouldest repay.
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. It gives liberty and breadth to thought, to learn to judge our own epoch from the point of view of universal history, history from the point of view of geological periods, geology from the point of view of astronomy.—*Amiel's Journal.*

FEBRUARY 17.

Morning. Every man has a history worth knowing, if he could tell it, or if we could draw it from him.
—*Emerson.*

Evening. Because many endeavor rather to get knowledge than to live well, therefore they are often deceived, and reap either none, or very slender profit of their labors. —*Thomas a Kempis.*

FEBRUARY 18.

Morning. What remedy is to be found against custom? Establish a contrary custom.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. It is not history which teaches conscience to be honest; it is the conscience which educates history.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

FEBRUARY 19.

Morning. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.
—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Every gift is valuable, and ought to be unfolded. When one encourages the beautiful alone, and another encourages the useful alone, it takes them both to form a man.—*Goethe.*

FEBRUARY 20.

Morning. If thou hast understanding, answer thy neighbour; if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth.
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. For never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it.—*Shakespeare.*

FEBRUARY 21.

Morning. Be not either a man of many words, or busy about too many things.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul.—*Plato.*

FEBRUARY 22.

Morning. Nothing is beneath you, if it is in the direction of your life: nothing is great or desirable, if it is off from that.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Those who elect to be free in thought and deed must not hanker after the rewards, if they are to be so called, which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters.—*Huxley.*

FEBRUARY 23.

Morning. Truly, at the day of judgment we shall not be examined what we have read, but what we have done.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that imposible Precept, Know thyself; till it be translated into this partially possible one, Know what thou canst work at.—*Carlyle.*

FEBRUARY 24.

Morning. The essence of good and evil is a certain disposition of the will.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Make level the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.
—*The Book of Proverbs.*

FEBRUARY 25.

Morning. Let us be just to others; for we ourselves are only to be valued in so far as we can value.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Where there is a great power to do wrong, to live and to die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised.—*Plato.*

FEBRUARY 26.

Morning. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also.—*Emerson.*

Evening. You have too much respect upon the world; they lose it that do buy it with much care.
—*Shakespeare.*

FEBRUARY 27.

Morning. Take along with you this holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternity.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Energy in resignation—there lies the wisdom of the sons of earth, the only serenity possible in this life of struggle and of combat. In it is the peace of martyrdom, in it, too, the promise of triumph.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

FEBRUARY 28.

Morning. Extol not thyself in the counsel of thine own heart.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. A man should use himself to think of those things only about which if one should suddenly ask, What hast thou now in thy thoughts? with perfect openness thou mightest immediately answer, This or That.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

FEBRUARY 29.

Morning. Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. It is plain that there is no separate essence called courage. But it is the right or healthy state of every man, when he is free to do that which is constitutional for him to do.—*Emerson.*

MARCH 1.

Morning. All beginnings are easy; and it is the last steps that are climbed most rarely and with greatest difficulty.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Thou seest how few the things are, the which, if a man lays hold of, he is able to live a life which flows in quiet, and is like the existence of the gods.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MARCH 2.

Morning. I wish that life should not be cheap, but sacred. I wish the days to be as centuries, loaded, fragrant.—*Emerson.*

Evening. The proud and covetous can never rest. The poor and humble in spirit live together in all peace.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

MARCH 3.

Morning. A faithful friend is a strong defence: and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure.
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. In the human soul, there is a better and also a worse principle, and when the better has the worse under control, then a man is said to be master of himself.—*Plato.*

MARCH 4.

Morning. They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Do you not see that what conquers itself is not conquered by another? And nothing but itself can conquer the will.—*Epictetus.*

MARCH 5.

Morning. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Is there not one true coin for which all things ought to be exchanged?—and that is wisdom; and only in exchange for this, and in company with this, is anything truly bought or sold, whether courage, or temperance or justice.—*Plato.*

MARCH 6.

Morning. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Harmonious order governing eternally continuous progress; the web and woof of matter and force interweaving by slow degrees, without a broken thread, that veil which lies between us and the infinite; that universe which alone we know, or can know; such is the picture which science draws of the world.
—*Huxley.*

MARCH 7.

Morning. True quietness of heart is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. There is no vice so simple but assumes some mark of virtue in his outward parts.—*Shakespeare.*

MARCH 8.

Morning. It were no slight attainment, could we merely fulfill what the nature of man implies.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. To fear is easy, but grievous; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence, or, rather, he never so submits himself; it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature.—*Goethe.*

MARCH 9.

Morning. My son, gather instruction from thy youth up; so shalt thou find wisdom till thine old age.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. This appeal of the conscience is a solemn summons in the life of every man, solemn and awful as the trumpet of the last judgment. It cries, Art thou ready? Give an account. Give an account of thy years, thy leisure, thy strength, thy studies, thy talent, and thy works. Now and here is the hour of great hearts, the hour of heroism and of genius.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

MARCH 10.

Morning. Blessed are the single-hearted; for they shall enjoy much peace.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Whatever games are played with us, we must play no game with ourselves, but deal in our privacy with the last honesty and truth.—*Emerson.*

MARCH 11.

Morning. A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. You carry a God about with you, poor wretch, and know nothing of it. It is within yourself that you carry Him; and you do not observe that you profane Him by impure thoughts and unclean actions.

—*Epictetus.*

MARCH 12.

Morning. If thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding: and if thou bow thine ear, thou shalt be wise.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. What is threatened to day is moral liberty, conscience, respect for the soul, the very nobility of man. To defend the soul, its interests, its rights, its dignity, is the most pressing duty for whoever sees the danger.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

MARCH 13.

Morning. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a trade; for the higher, an art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the Finite.—*Carlyle.*

MARCH 14.

Morning. There is a soul at the center of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Philosophy consists in keeping the demon within a man free from violence and unharmed, superior to pains and pleasures, doing nothing without a purpose, nor yet falsely and with hypocrisy, not feeling the need of another man's doing or not doing anything; and, besides, accepting all that happens, and all that is allotted, as coming from thence, wherever it is, from whence he himself came.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MARCH 15.

Morning. If thou dost not overcome little and easy things, how wilt thou overcome harder things?
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. This, our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—*Shakespeare.*

MARCH 16.

Morning. Use not to make any manner of lie; for the custom thereof is not good.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Let this be your study and constant pursuit, to learn in what it is necessary to be courageous, and in what cautious; courageous against the inevitable, cautious so far as your will can control.—*Epictetus.*

MARCH 17.

Morning. Piety is not an end, but a means: a means of attaining the highest culture by the purest tranquility of soul.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Please to remember that there are two processes of training all things, including body and soul; in the one we treat them with a view to pleasure, and in the other with a view to the highest good, and then we do not indulge but resist them.—*Plato.*

MARCH 18.

Morning. Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace, when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. This is the part of philosophy, to examine and fix the rules; and to make use of them, when they are known, is the business of a wise and good man.
—*Epictetus.*

MARCH 19.

Morning. The discretion of a man maketh him slow to anger; and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world, is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see.—*Ruskin.*

MARCH 20.

Morning. He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul; he that keepeth understanding shall find good.
—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. The just man does not permit the several elements within him to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others,—he sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master and his own law and at peace with himself.—*Plato.*

MARCH 21.

Morning. So long as we live in this world we cannot be without tribulation and temptation.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The man may teach by doing, and not otherwise. If he can communicate himself, he can teach, but not by words. He teaches who gives, and he learns who receives.—*Emerson.*

MARCH 22.

Morning. The history of knowledge is a great fugue, in which the voices of the nations, one after the other, emerge.—*Goethe.*

Evening. All is marvellous for the poet; all is divine for the saint; all is great for the hero; all is wretched, miserable, ugly, and bad for the base and sordid soul.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

MARCH 23.

Morning. Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. In every man there are two parts: the better and superior, which rules, and the worse and inferior, which serves; and the ruling part of him is always to be preferred to the subject.—*Plato.*

MARCH 24.

Morning. I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Do the things external which fall upon thee distract thee? Give thyself time to learn something new and good, and cease to be whirled around.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MARCH 25.

Morning. When I err, every one can see it; but not when I lie.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MARCH 26.

Morning. Strive not with a man that is full of tongue, and heap not wood upon his fire.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. If we would but a little force ourselves at the beginning, then should we be able to perform all things afterwards with ease and delight.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

MARCH 27.

Morning. Most men will proclaim every one his own kindness; but a faithful man, who can find?

—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.—*Carlyle.*

MARCH 28.

Morning. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to Heaven.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. O, if thou didst but consider how much inward peace unto thyself, and joy unto others, thou shouldst procure by demeaning thyself well, I suppose thou wouldst be more careful of thy spiritual progress.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

MARCH 29.

Morning. We should know one another better if one man were not so anxious to put himself on an equality with another.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Who will justify him that sinneth against his own soul? And who will honor him that dishonoreth his own life?—*Ecclesiasticus.*

MARCH 30.

Morning. An error is more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. I am right in bidding every one next to the gods, who are our masters, to honour his own soul, which every one seems to honour, and no one honours as he ought.—*Plato.*

MARCH 31.

Morning. Let man go where he will, he can only find so much beauty or worth as he carries.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Hasten to the end which thou hast before thee, and, throwing away idle hopes, come to thine own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

APRIL 1.

Morning. What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit.

—*Epictetus.*

Evening. I pity those who make much ado about the transitory nature of all things and are lost in the contemplation of earthly vanity: are we not here to make the transitory permanent? This we can do only if we know how to value both.—*Goethe.*

APRIL 2.

Morning. Commend not a man for his beauty; neither abhor a man for his outward appearance.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—*Shakespeare.*

APRIL 3.

Morning. The religion of a child depends on what its mother and its father are, and not on what they say.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. He who thinks that he can honour the soul by word or gift, or any sort of compliance, without making her in any way better, seems to honour her, but honours her not at all.—*Plato.*

APRIL 4.

Morning. Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. It is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. Nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquility; and I affirm that tranquility is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

APRIL 5.

Morning. Even a child maketh himself known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Truth is a torch, but a huge one, and so it is only with blinking eyes that we all of us try to get past it, in actual terror of being burnt.—*Goethe.*

APRIL 6.

Morning. If you would not be of an angry temper, then do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. The Ideal is in thyself; the impediment, too, is in thyself; thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic.—*Carlyle.*

APRIL 7.

Morning. No one truly knows happiness who has not suffered, and the redeemed are happier than the elect.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. People never will recollect that mere learning and mere cleverness are next to no value in life, while energy and intellectual grip, the things that are inborn and cannot be taught, are everything.—*Huxley.*

APRIL 8.

Morning. The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. If you would not be known to do anything, never do it. A man may play the fool in the drifts of a desert, but every grain of sand shall seem to see.
—*Emerson.*

APRIL 9.

Morning. There is no order so holy, nor place so secret where there be not temptation or adversities.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Be no longer a chaos, but a World, or even a Worldkin; produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! It is the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then.—*Carlyle.*

APRIL 10.

Morning. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful; it is by abandonment.—*Emerson.*

Evening. It is not always needful for truth to take a definite shape; it is enough if it hovers about us like a spirit and produces harmony; if it is wafted through the air like the sound of a bell, grave and kindly.—*Goethe.*

APRIL 11.

Morning. Nothing is more characteristic of a man than the manner in which he behaves toward fools.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. When a man thinks that others are to be blamed, and not himself, for the errors which he has committed from time to time, and the many and great evils which befell him in consequence, and is always fancying himself to be exempt and innocent, he is under the idea that he is honouring his soul; whereas the very reverse is the fact, for he is really injuring her.—*Plato.*

APRIL 12.

Morning. The habit of doing that which you do not care about, when you would much rather be doing something else, is invaluable.—*Huxley.*

Evening. Let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

APRIL 13.

Morning. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Whatever you would make habitual, practice it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practice it, but habituate yourself to something else.—*Epictetus.*

APRIL 14.

Morning. In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

APRIL 15.

Morning. In no wise speak against the truth; but be abashed of the error of thine ignorance.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. It is much easier to recognize error than to find truth; for error lies on the surface and may be overcome; but truth lies in the depths, and to search for it is not given to every one.—*Goethe.*

APRIL 16.

Morning. Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless, till it converts itself into Conduct.—*Carlyle.*

Evening. We must dare to be happy, and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositaries, not as the authors of our own joy.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

APRIL 17.

Morning. If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.—*Ruskin.*

APRIL 18.

Morning. He that does not fill a place at home, cannot abroad. He only goes there to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Your personality lies not in flesh and hair, but in the Will. If you take care to have this beautiful, you will be beautiful.—*Epictetus.*

APRIL 19.

Morning. When fortune means to men most good, she looks upon them with a threatening eye.

—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

APRIL 20.

Morning. There is in man a Higher than love of Happiness; he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness!—*Carlyle.*

Evening. Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

APRIL 21.

Morning. What a man does not understand, he does not possess.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Do not have such an opinion of things as he has who does thee wrong, or such as he wishes thee to have, but look at them as they are in truth.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

APRIL 22.

Morning. To whatever objects a person devotes his attention, these objects he probably loves.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first and second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease and city drawing rooms.—*Emerson.*

APRIL 23.

Morning. Didst thou never hear that things ill got had ever bad success?—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. He doeth much that doeth a thing well. He doeth well that rather serveth the community than his own will.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

APRIL 24.

Morning. Let us be true: this is the highest maxim of art and of life, the secret of eloquence and of virtue, and of all moral authority.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

APRIL 25.

Morning. All the gold which is under or upon the earth is not enough to give in exchange for virtue.
—*Plato.*

Evening. Life seems so vulgar, so easily content with the commonplace things of every day, and yet it always nurses and cherishes certain higher claims in secret, and looks about for the means of satisfying them.—*Goethe.*

APRIL 26.

Morning. Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he is overthrown.
—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. There is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master and rebel against an ignoble one.—*Ruskin.*

APRIL 27.

Morning. Do not confound things, nor, when you study one thing, expect improvement in another.
—*Epictetus.*

Evening. I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here certainly shows me that the soul had need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post?
—*Emerson.*

APRIL 28.

Morning. 'Tis well said again, and 'tis a kind of good deed to say well: and yet words are no deeds.
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

APRIL 29.

Morning. Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.
—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life which does not hide a secret which is either its thorn or its spur.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

APRIL 30.

Morning. There are people who make no mistakes because they never wish to do anything worth doing.
—*Goethe.*

Evening. Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, that they do not touch him; but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul.—*Emerson.*

A MORNING AND EVENING WISDOM GEM FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

COMPILED BY WALTER L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

MAY–AUGUST.

MAY 1.

Morning. Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. We call those millions, *men*, but they are not yet men. Half engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him.—*Emerson.*

MAY 2.

Morning. It is impossible that good should lie in one thing, and rational enjoyment in another.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
—*Shakespeare.*

MAY 3.

Morning. We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptations do show us what we are.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. From the point of view of happiness, the problem of life is insoluble, for it is our highest aspirations which prevent us from being happy. From the point of view of duty, there is the same difficulty, for the fulfilment of duty brings peace, not happiness.
—*Amiel's Journal.*

MAY 4.

Morning. It is all one whether you are of high or of humble origin. You will always have to pay for your humanity.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Love the art, poor as it may be, which thou hast learned, and be content with it; and pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted to the gods with his whole soul all that he has, making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MAY 5.

Morning. The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point.—*Emerson.*

Evening. If you ask me how you shall fare, I can answer, if you have right principles, well; if wrong ones, ill. For every action turns upon its principle.

—*Epictetus.*

MAY 6.

Morning. We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our faults.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man!"—*Shakespeare.*

MAY 7.

Morning. Thoughts come back; beliefs persist; facts pass by never to return.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Our duty is to be useful, not according to our own desires but according to our powers.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

MAY 8.

Morning. The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion.

—*The Book of Proverbs.*

Evening. The particular training in respect of pleasure and pain, which leads you always to hate what you ought to hate, and love what you ought to love, from the beginning of life to the end, in my view, will be rightly called education.—*Plato.*

MAY 9.

Morning. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. If man neglects education he walks lame to the end of his life, and returns imperfect and good for nothing to the world below.—*Plato.*

MAY 10.

Morning. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. You have your vessels of gold; but your discourse, your principles, your opinions, your pursuits, your desires, are of mere earthen ware.—*Epictetus.*

MAY 11.

Morning. In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition.—*Emerson.*

Evening. According to my view, any one who would be good at anything must practice that thing from his youth upwards, both in sport and earnest.—*Plato.*

MAY 12.

Morning. Self-interest is but the survival of the animal in us. Humanity only begins for man with self-surrender.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. Dost thou not see the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MAY 13.

Morning. We will have others kept under by strict laws; but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. My brother ought not to have treated me so? Very true; but he must see to that. However he treats me, I am to act rightly with regard to him; for the one is my concern, the other is not; the one cannot be restrained, the other may.—*Epictetus.*

MAY 14.

Morning. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

MAY 15.

Morning. Is he not a man of complete virtue, who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?—*The Chinese Sages, Confucius and Mencius.*

Evening. Life has been lent to us, and we owe it to our travelling companions to let them see what use we make of it to the end. We must show our brethren both how to live and how to die.—*Amiel's Journal.*

MAY 16.

Morning. The whole art of living consists in giving up existence in order to exist.—*Goethe.*

Evening. A man is not to be reverenced more than the truth, and therefore I will speak out.—*Plato.*

MAY 17.

Morning. When you obtain anything yourself for half price, somebody else must always have paid the other half.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. Show me a man who has acted and who has not been the victim and slave of his action. The first act which was to be an experiment, becomes a sacrament.—*Emerson.*

MAY 18.

Morning. Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it—this is knowledge.
—*The Chinese Sages.*

MAY 19.

Morning. From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. It is not everything difficult or dangerous that is a proper training, but such things as are conducive to what lies before us to do.—*Epictetus.*

MAY 20.

Morning. All our pursuits and actions are a wearying process. Well is it for him who wearies not.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Every man is a tamer of wild beasts, and these wild beasts are his passions. To draw their teeth and claws, to muzzle and tame them, to turn them into servants and domestic animals, fuming, perhaps, but submissive—in this consists personal education.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

MAY 21.

Morning. Mind is the attribute of the gods and of very few men.—*Plato.*

Evening. Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MAY 22.

Morning. Would you be of service to mankind, show them by your own example what kind of men philosophy makes, and do not trifle.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. The measure of action is the sentiment from which it proceeds. The greatest action may easily be one of the most private circumstances.—*Emerson.*

MAY 23.

Morning. No man doth safely appear abroad, but he who gladly can abide at home, out of sight.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core.

—*Shakespeare.*

MAY 24.

Morning. The bee is little among such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. He who loved virtue would esteem nothing above it. He who hated what is not virtuous would practice virtue in such a way that he would not allow anything that is not virtuous to approach his person.

—*The Chinese Sages.*

MAY 25.

Morning. Few persons ever reflect, as I should imagine, that from the evil of other men something of evil is communicated to themselves.—*Plato.*

Evening. The mind converts and changes every hindrance to its activity into an aid; and so that which is a hindrance is made a furtherance to an act; and that which is an obstacle on the road helps us on this road.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MAY 26.

Morning. A man must pay dear for his errors if he wishes to get rid of them, and even then he is lucky.

—*Goethe.*

Evening. To act, we must believe; to believe, we must make up our minds, affirm, decide, and in reality prejudge the question. He who will only act upon a full scientiffc certitude is unfit for practical life.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

MAY 27.

Morning. Enthusiasm is of the greatest value, so long as we are not carried away by it.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The household is the home of the man as well as the child. The events which occur therein are more near and affecting than those which are sought in senates and academies.—*Emerson.*

MAY 28.

Morning. Think a little at last; look about you; sift yourself, that you may know what you are.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. A man's house ought to show us his honest opinion of what makes his well-being, when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affectation, compliance, and even exertion of will.—*Emerson.*

MAY 29.

Morning. Education and admonition commence in the first years of childhood, and last to the very end of life.—*Plato.*

Evening. The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favours which he may receive.—*The Chinese Sages.*

MAY 30.

Morning. Blame not before thou hast examined the truth: understand first, and then rebuke.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

MAY 31.

Morning. Which is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.—*Goethe.*

Evening. To have an ideal or to have none, to have this ideal or that,—this is what digs gulfs between men, even betwen those who live in the same family circle, under the same roof or in the same room.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

JUNE 1.

Morning. First, say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. 'Tis not so above; *there* is no shuffling, there the action lies in his true nature.—*Shakespeare.*

JUNE 2.

Morning. No man speaks securely, but he that holds his peace willingly.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. There is a victory and defeat,—the first and best of victories, the lowest and worst of defeats,—which each man gains or sustains at the hands, not of another, but of himself.—*Plato.*

JUNE 3.

Morning. Answer not before thou hast heard the cause: neither interrupt men in the midst of their talk.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. No man securely doth command, but he that hath learned readily to obey.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

JUNE 4.

Morning. There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Mutual respect implies discretion and reserve even in love itself; it means preserving as much liberty as possible to those whose life we share.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

JUNE 5.

Morning. Thou canst pass thy life in an equitable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. A man should say, I am not concerned that I have no place, I am concerned how I may fit myself for one; I am not concerned that I am not known, I seek to be worthy to be known.—*The Chinese Sages.*

JUNE 6.

Morning. We do not learn to know men if they come to us; we must go to them to find out what they are.
—*Goethe.*

Evening. Certainly let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.—*Emerson.*

JUNE 7.

Morning. No man ruleth safely, but he that is willingly ruled.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Nothing can be nobler and better than that the truth about wealth should be spoken in all states—namely that riches are for the sake of the body, as the body is for the sake of the soul.—*Plato.*

JUNE 8.

Morning. A friend cannot be known in prosperity: and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. The man who has, however imperceptibly, helped in the work of the universe, has lived; the man who has been conscious, in however small a degree, of the cosmical movement, has lived also.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JUNE 9.

Morning. Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. There is many a humble house in every city, in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor.—*Emerson.*

JUNE 10.

Morning. Thou must pass through fire and water before thou come to the place of refreshing.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Above, below, all around, are the movements of the elements. But the motion of virtue is in none of these; it is something more divine, and advancing by the way hardly observed it goes happily on its road.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JUNE 11.

Morning. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us.—*Shakespeare*

Evening. A man should not be in a hurry to have all things according to his wish, for his wish may be at variance with his reason.—*Plato.*

JUNE 12.

Morning. He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. You must be one man, either good or bad. You must cultivate either your own reason or else externals; apply yourself either to things within or without you; that is, be either a philosopher, or one of the mob.—*Epictetus.*

JUNE 13.

Morning. That which does no harm to the State, does no harm to the citizen.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. No one is more of a slave than he who thinks himself free without being so.—*Goethe.*

JUNE 14.

Morning. The mind of the superior man is conversant with gain.—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. I honor that man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the State or the army, not to be a jurist or a naturalist, not to be a poet or a commander; but to be master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father and friend.

—*Emerson.*

JUNE 15.

Morning. It is often our want of spirit which maketh our miserable body so easily complain.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The school of a philosopher is a surgery. You are not to go out of it with pleasure, but with pain.

—*Epictetus.*

JUNE 16.

Morning. Doubting things go ill often hurts more than to be sure they do.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. The right way is to place the goods of the soul first and highest in the scale; and to assign the second place to the goods of the body; and third place to money and property.—*Plato.*

JUNE 17.

Morning. Rehearse not unto another that which is told unto thee, and thou shalt fare never the worse.
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. To make any one happy, is strictly to augment his store of being, to double the intensity of his life, to reveal him to himself, to ennoble him and transfigure him.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JUNE 18.

Morning. Happy is he who can abandon all that may defile his conscience or burden it.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Victory over *things* is the office of man. Of course until it is accomplished it is the war and insult of things over *him.*—*Emerson.*

JUNE 19.

Morning. Against the great superiority of another there is no remedy but love.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The material for me to work upon is my own mind, as wood is for a carpenter, or leather for a shoemaker; and my business is a right use of things as they appear.—*Epictetus.*

JUNE 20.

Morning. The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong doer.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. Fools and wise folk are alike harmless. It is the half-wise and the half-foolish, who are the most dangerous.—*Goethe.*

JUNE 21.

Morning. While you do not know life, how can you know about death?—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. In some sort the end of life is that the man should take up the universe into himself. Yonder mountain must migrate into his mind.—*Emerson.*

JUNE 22.

Morning. To-day thou confessest thy sins, and to-morrow thou committest the very same thou hast confessed.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Every one's life is a warfare, and that long and various. You must observe the duty of a soldier, and perform everything at the nod of your General, and even, if possible, divine what he would have done. —*Epictetus.*

JUNE 23.

Morning. By nothing do men show their character more than by the things they laugh at.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Education should be as broad as man. Whatever elements are in him, that should foster and demonstrate.—*Emerson.*

JUNE 24.

Morning. What will become of us in the end, who begin so early to wax lukewarm?—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. In the day of prosperity there is a forgetfulness of affliction: and in the day of affliction there is no more remembrance of prosperity.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

JUNE 25.

Morning. Our very eyes are sometimes like our judgments, blind.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. The man who has no refuge in himself, who lives, so to speak, in his front rooms, in the outer whirlwind of things and opinions, is not properly a personality at all; he is not distinct, free, original, a cause,—in a word, some one. He is one of a crowd, a taxpayer, an elector, an anonymity, but not a man. —*Amiel's Journal.*

JUNE 26.

Morning. The true is Godlike: we do not see it itself; we must guess at it through its manifestations.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Do you not know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well?—*Epictetus.*

JUNE 27.

Morning. Go not in a way wherein thou mayest fall, and stumble not among the stones.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. The power that I have on you is to spare you; the malice towards you to forgive you.

—*Shakespeare.*

JUNE 28.

Morning. If thou hadst a good conscience, thou wouldst not greatly fear death.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. There is no inclination or readiness on the part of mankind to be made as good, or as quickly good, as possible.—*Plato.*

JUNE 29.

Morning. A wise man will hold his tongue till he see opportunity: but a babbler and a fool will regard no time.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. He who floats with the current, who does not guide himself according to higher principles, who has no ideal, no convictions,—such a man is a mere article of the world's furniture—a thing moved, instead of a living, moving being—an echo, not a voice.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

JUNE 30.

Morning. What belongs to a man, he cannot get rid of, even though he throws it away.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The plain man serves the world by his action, and as a wheel in the machine; the thinker serves it by his intellect, and as a light upon its path. The man of meditative soul, who raises and comforts and sustains his travelling companions, mortal and fugitive like himself, plays a nobler part still, for he unites the other two utilities. Action, thought, speech, are the three modes of human life.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JULY 1.

Morning. The great object of education should be commensurate with the object of life.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life? The Master said, "Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

—*The Chinese Sages.*

JULY 2.

Morning. O, that we had spent but one day in this world thoroughly well!—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Of true religions there are only two: one of them recognizes and worships the Holy that without form or shape dwells in and around us; and the other recognizes and worships it in its fairest form. Everything that lies between these two is idolatry.—*Goethe.*

JULY 3.

Morning. Every one of us is made pretty much what he is by the bent of his desires and the nature of his soul.—*Plato.*

Evening. The gentleman, then, is the man who is master of himself, who respects himself, and makes others respect him. The essence of gentlemanliness is self-rule, the sovereignty of the soul.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JULY 4.

Morning. It is not enough to know, we must also apply; it is not enough to will, we must also do.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Is there no reward, then? Why do you seek any greater reward for a good man than the doing what is fair and just?—*Epictetus.*

JULY 5.

Morning. There is a gift that shall not profit thee; and there is a gift whose recompense is double.
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. If a thing is difficult to be accomplished by thyself, do not think that it is impossible for a man: but if anything is possible for a man and conformable to his nature, think that this can be attained by thyself too.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JULY 6.

Morning. If you can one day renovate yourself, do so from day to day. Yea, let there be daily renovation.
—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. My true being, the essence of my nature, myself, remain inviolate and inaccessible to the world's attacks. In this respect we are greater than the universe, which has mass and not will.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JULY 7.

Morning. Remember this, that so far as you prize anything external to your own will, you impair that will.
—*Epictetus.*

Evening. O, how wise and happy is he that now laboreth to be such an one in his life, as he wisheth to be found at the hour of his death!—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

JULY 8.

Morning. There is that buyeth much for a little, and repayeth it sevenfold.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. According to the depth from which you draw your life, such is the depth not only of your strenuous effort, but of your manners and presence.—*Emerson.*

JULY 9.

Morning. Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop, not to outsport discretion.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Any one who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light, or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye.—*Plato.*

JULY 10.

Morning. A mean estate is not always to be contemned: nor the rich that is foolish to be had in admiration.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

JULY 11.

Morning. Work straight on in absolute duty, and you leave an aim and encouragement to all the youth of the Universe.—*Emerson.*

Evening. If, on self-examination, I find that I am not upright, shall I not be in fear even of a poor man in his loose garments of hair cloth? If, on self-examination, I find that I am upright, I will go forward against thousands and tens of thousands.—*The Chinese Sages.*

JULY 12.

Morning. Be careful also to avoid with great diligence those things in thyself, which do commonly displease thee in others.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Never praise or blame any person on account of outward actions that are common to all, but only on account of principles. These are the peculiar property of each individual, and the things which make actions good or bad.—*Epictetus.*

JULY 13.

Morning. O, I have suffer'd with those I saw suffer. —*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Perfection is the measure of Heaven, and the wish to be perfect the measure of man.—*Goethe.*

JULY 14.

Morning. As thine eye observeth others, so art thou also noted again by others.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. In general, those kinds of things which are in the service of the body have less of truth and essence than those which are in the service of the soul.—*Plato.*

JULY 15.

Morning. To slip upon a pavement is better than to slip with the tongue.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Nothing can lessen the dignity and value of humanity so long as the religion of love, of unselfishness and devotion endures; and none can destroy the altar of this faith for us so long as we feel ourselves still capable of love.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JULY 16.

Morning. Not only what is born with him, but also what he acquires, makes the man.—*Goethe.*

Evening. I do my duty: other things trouble me not; for they are either things without life, or things without reason, or things that have rambled and know not the way.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JULY 17.

Morning. The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Is not to have lost the truth an evil, and to possess the truth a good?—*Plato.*

JULY 18.

Morning. Cannot we let people be themselves? You are trying to make that man another *you.* One's enough. —*Emerson.*

Evening. It is for the past and the future that we must work: for the past, to acknowledge its merits; for the future, to try to increase its value.—*Goethe.*

JULY 19.

Morning. By simple living, by an illimitable soul, you inspire, you correct, you instruct, you raise, you embellish all.—*Emerson.*

Evening. It takes so much effort to maintain one's self in an exceptional point of view, that one falls back into prejudice by pure exhaustion, just as the man who stands indefinitely always ends by sinking to the ground and reassuming the horizontal position.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

JULY 20.

Morning. It is a shame for the soul to be first to give way in this life, when thy body does not give way.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. When one by force subdues men, they do not submit to him in heart. They submit, because their strength is not adequate to resist.—*The Chinese Sages.*

JULY 21.

Morning. The greatest difficulties lie where we do not look for them.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Be assured that there is nothing more tractable than the human mind. You need but will, and it is done, it is set right; as, on the contrary, you need but nod over the work, and it is ruined. For both ruin and recovery are from within.—*Epictetus.*

JULY 22.

Morning. Thou wilt always rejoice in the evening, if thou spend the day profitably.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. My heart laments that virtue cannot live out of the teeth of emulation.—*Shakespeare.*

JULY 23.

Morning. Every man hears only what he understands.—*Goethe.*

Evening. I find nothing in fables more astonishing than my experience in every hour. One moment of a man's life is a fact so stupendous as to take the lustre out of all fiction.—*Emerson.*

JULY 24.

Morning. If thou hast gathered nothing in thy youth, how canst thou find anything in thine age?
—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Never mind the future, if only you have peace of conscience, if you feel yourself reconciled, and in harmony with the order of things.—*Amiel's Journal.*

JULY 25.

Morning. Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. There is nothing which men love but the good; but it must be added that they love the possession of the good; and not only the possession but the everlasting possession of the good. Then love may be described generally as the love of the everlasting possession of the good.—*Plato.*

JULY 26.

Morning. Learn to despise outward things, and to give thyself to things inward.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me.—*Shakespeare.*

JULY 27.

Morning. Character in matters great and small consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable.—*Goethe.*

Evening. There is nothing in this world, perhaps, that is talked more of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life. It is every man's wish and design, and yet not one in a thousand knows wherein that happiness consists.—*Seneca.*

JULY 28.

Morning. He who is a real tyrant, whatever men may think, is the real slave.—*Plato.*

Evening. Human affairs are not disposed so happily that the best things please the most men. It is an argument that the cause is bad when the common sort applaud.—*Seneca.*

JULY 29.

Morning. This is your business, to act well the given part; but to choose it, belongs to another.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. Neither the labor which the hand does nor that of the foot is contrary to nature, so long as the foot does the foot's work and the hand the hand's. So then neither to a man as a man is his labor contrary to nature, so long as it does the things of a man.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

JULY 30.

Morning. First, keep thyself in peace, and then shalt thou be able to pacify others.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. If thou blow the spark, it shall burn: if thou spit upon it, it shall be quenched: and both these come out of thy mouth.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

JULY 31.

Morning. These violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. All practical men try to bring the world under their hands; all thinkers, under their heads. How far each succeeds, they may both see for themselves.

—*Goethe.*

AUGUST 1.

Morning. Many have fallen by the edge of the sword: but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.

—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.—*Epictetus.*

AUGUST 2.

Morning. Be what you ought to be; the rest is God's affair.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. The conscience is humble and even takes a pleasure in being ashamed. But the intellect is proud, and if forced to recant is driven to despair.—*Goethe.*

AUGUST 3.

Morning. If you know that the thing is unrighteous, then use all dispatch in putting an end to it:—why wait till next year?—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. The ruler of the universe has ordered all things with a view to the excellence and preservation of the whole, and each part, as far as may be, has an action and passion appropriate to it.—*Plato.*

AUGUST 4.

Morning. It were more just that thou shouldest accuse thyself, and excuse thy brother.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Sickness is an impediment to the body, but not to the will, unless itself pleases. Lameness is an impediment to the leg, but not to the will; and say this to yourself with regard to everything that happens.
—*Epictetus.*

AUGUST 5.

Morning. To wilful men the injuries that they themselves procure must be their schoolmasters.
—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Aristocracy is the class eminent by personal qualities, and to them belongs without assertion a proper influence. Men of aim must lead the aimless; men of invention the uninventive.—*Emerson.*

AUGUST 6.

Morning. Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words; be as one that knoweth and yet holdeth his tongue.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. By the common sort is intended the man of title as well as the clouted shoe; for I do not distinguish them by the eye, but I have a better and truer light: let the soul find out the good of the soul.—*Seneca.*

AUGUST 7.

Morning. Every instrument, tool, vessel, if it does that for which it has been made is well.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. The object of the simultaneous or successive competition of mankind in history would be the extraction of the maximum of humanity from a given amount of animality.—*Amiel's Journal.*

AUGUST 8.

Morning. The game of the world is a perpetual trial of strength between man and events. The common man is the victim of events.—*Emerson.*

Evening. We quickly enough feel and weigh what we suffer at the hands of others; but we mind not what others suffer from us.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

AUGUST 9.

Morning. Listen to a man's words and look at the pupil of his eye. How can a man conceal his character?
—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. Dull people think it Fortune that makes one rich and another poor. Is it? Yes, but the fortune was earlier than they think, namely, in the balance or adjustment between devotion to what is agreeable to-day and the forecast of what will be valuable to-morrow.
—*Emerson.*

AUGUST 10.

Morning. If thou wilt be borne withal, bear also with another.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul of the very thing we search for without finding it.—*Seneca.*

AUGUST 11.

Morning. Ignorant people raise questions which were answered by the wise thousands of years ago.
—*Goethe.*

Evening. I am one of those who are very willing to be refuted if I say anything which is not true, and quite as ready to be refuted as to refute; for I hold that this is the greater gain of the two.—*Plato.*

AUGUST 12.

Morning. Men of principle are sure to be bold, but those who are bold may not always be men of principle.
—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. We must never rouse an ideal against us; our business is to point men to another ideal, purer, higher, more spiritual than the old, and so to raise behind a lofty summit one more lofty still.—*Amiel's Journal.*

AUGUST 13.

Morning. Men cannot help being stupid, who proclaim by their actions that the ordinary distinctions of right and wrong which are made in a state are a trifle, when compared with gold and silver.—*Plato.*

Evening. As the body itself is rather a necessary thing than a great, so comforts of it are but temporary and vain; whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety, or measure.

—*Seneca.*

AUGUST 14.

Morning. Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts; but the view we take of these things as insulting.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. You do not seem to be aware that this and every other creation is for the sake of the whole, and in order that the life of the whole may be blessed; and that you are created for the sake of the whole, and not the whole for the sake of you.—*Plato.*

AUGUST 15.

Morning. We more readily confess to errors, mistakes, and shortcomings in our conduct than in our thought.—*Goethe.*

Evening. There must be a sound mind to make a happy man; there must be a constancy in all conditions, a care for the things of this world, but without trouble, and such an indifferency to the bounties of fortune, that either with them or without them we may live content.—*Seneca.*

AUGUST 16.

Morning. To be absolutely sure of the truth of matters concerning which there are many opinions, is an attribute of the gods not given to man.—*Plato.*

Evening. All that can be expected from the most perfect institutions is that they should make it possible for individual excellence to develop itself, not that they should produce the excellent individual.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

AUGUST 17.

Morning. An old foundation is worthy of all respect, but it must not take from us the right to build afresh wherever we will.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Whatever happens to every man, this is for the interest of the universal: this might be sufficient. But further thou wilt observe this also as a general truth, if thou dost observe, that whatever is profitable to any man is profitable also to other men.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

AUGUST 18.

Morning. Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

Evening. It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstacies full of danger and followed by reactions.—*Emerson.*

AUGUST 19.

Morning. Those who follow that part of themselves which is great are great men; those who follow that part which is little are little men.—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. Remember that you must behave as at a banquet. Is anything brought round to you? Put out your hand and take a moderate share. Does it pass by you? Do not stop it. Is it yet to come? Do not yearn in desire towards it, but wait till it reaches you.

—*Epictetus.*

AUGUST 20.

Morning. He that well and rightly considereth his own works, will find little cause to judge hardly of another.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Thou hast been as one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; a man that fortune's buffets and rewards hast ta'en with equal thanks.—*Shakespeare.*

AUGUST 21.

Morning. It is just for this that man stands so high, that what could not otherwise be brought to light should be brought to light in him.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The believer not only beholds his Heaven to be possible but already to begin to exist,—not by the men or materials the statesman uses, but by men transfigured and raised above themselves by the power of principles.—*Emerson.*

AUGUST 22.

Morning. This, therefore, is the meaning of being overcome by pleasure;—ignorance, and that the greatest.—*Plato.*

Evening. Duty is what upholds all. So that those who humbly and unobtrusively fulfil it, and set a good example thereby, are the salvation and the sustenance of this brilliant world, which knows nothing about them.—*Amiel's Journal.*

AUGUST 23.

Morning. If thou consider what thou art within thee, thou wilt not care what men talk of thee.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Let a man first stand fast in the supremacy of the nobler part of his constitution, and the inferior part will not be able to take it from him. It is simply this which makes the great man.—*The Chinese Sages.*

AUGUST 24.

Morning. A man must cling to the belief that the incomprehensible is comprehensible; otherwise he would not try to fathom it.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The goods of the unjust shall be dried up like a river, and shall vanish with noise, like a great thunder in rain.—*Ecclesiasticus.*

AUGUST 25.

Morning. If thou seekest thyself, thou shalt also find thyself, but to thine own destruction.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Let man renounce everything that is not true to him and put all his practices back on his first thoughts and do nothing for which he has not the whole world for his reason.—*Emerson.*

AUGUST 26.

Morning. That which is not good for the swarm, neither is it good for the bee.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. As in walking you take care not to tread upon a nail, or turn your foot, so likewise take care not to hurt the ruling faculty of your mind.—*Epictetus.*

AUGUST 27.

Morning. We are all working together to one end, some with knowledge and design, and others without knowing what they do.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.—*The Chinese Sages.*

AUGUST 28.

Morning. Everything has two handles: one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. The further knowledge advances, the nearer we come to the unfathomable: the more we know how to use our knowledge, the better we see that the unfathomable is no practical use.—*Goethe.*

AUGUST 29.

Morning. Why seekest thou rest, since thou art born to labor?—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. In society, avoid a frequent and excessive mention of your own actions and dangers. For however agreeable it may be to yourself to allude to the risks you have run, it is not equally agreeable to others to hear your adventures.—*Epictetus.*

AUGUST 30.

Morning. Understand that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. Let a man not do what his own sense of righteousness tells him not to do, and let him not desire what his sense of righteousness tells him not to desire;—to act thus is all he has to do.—*The Chinese Sages.*

AUGUST 31.

Morning. Dispose thyself to patience rather than to comfort.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. We are struck by something bewildering and ineffable when we look down into the depths of an abyss; and every soul is an abyss, a mystery of love and pity.—*Amiel's Journal.*

A MORNING AND EVENING WISDOM GEM FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

COMPILED BY WALTER L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis,

SEPTEMBER–DECEMBER.

SEPTEMBER 1.

Morning. The goods of which the many speak are not really good.—*Plato.*

Evening. Humanity is tough, and survives all catastrophes. Only it makes one impatient to see the race always taking the longest road to an end, and exhausting all possible faults before it is able to accomplish one definite step towards improvement.—*Amiel's Journal.*

SEPTEMBER 2.

Morning. In political as in household economy, the great question is, not so much what money you have in your pocket, as what you will buy with it and do with it. —*Ruskin.*

Evening. The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age or state of society or mode of action in history, to which there is not a somewhat corresponding in his life.—*Emerson.*

SEPTEMBER 3.

Morning. Where shall one be found who is willing to serve God for nought?—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. All healthily minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money.—*Ruskin.*

SEPTEMBER 4.

Morning. Knowledge, Virtue, Power are the victories of man over his necessities, his march to the dominion of the world.—*Emerson.*

Evening. O, my friends, how can there be the least shadow of wisdom when there is no harmony? There is none; but the noblest and greatest of harmonies may be truly said to be the greatest wisdom; and of this he is a partaker who lives according to reason.—*Plato.*

SEPTEMBER 5.

Morning. He's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device.—*Shakespeare.*

Evening. Wisdom is a right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil, what is to be chosen and what rejected; a judgment grounded upon the value of things, and not the common opinion of them. It sets a watch over our words and deeds, and makes us invincible by either good or evil fortune.—*Seneca.*

SEPTEMBER 6.

Morning. All real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in the habit of disdain.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. The finest achievement for a man of thought is to have fathomed what may be fathomed, and quietly to revere the unfathomable.—*Goethe.*

SEPTEMBER 7.

Morning. Let parents bequeath to their children not a heap of riches, but the spirit of reverence.—*Plato.*

Evening. Do all the good you can, and say all the truth you know or believe; and for the rest be patient, resigned, submissive.—*Amiel's Journal.*

SEPTEMBER 8.

Morning. All men recommend patience; few, however, they are who are willing to suffer.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Never proclaim yourself a philosopher; nor make much talk among the ignorant about your principles, but show them by actions. Thus, at an entertainment, do not discourse how people ought to eat; but eat as you ought.—*Epictetus.*

SEPTEMBER 9.

Morning. The century advances; but every individual begins anew.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Blest are those whose blood and judgment are so commingled that they are not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she pleases.—*Shakespeare.*

SEPTEMBER 10.

Morning. Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstances. Strong men believe in cause and effect. —*Emerson.*

Evening. The greatest ignorance is when a man hates that which he nevertheless thinks to be good and noble, and loves and embraces that which he knows to be unrighteous and evil.—*Plato.*

SEPTEMBER 11.

Morning. And so the world advances, by the successive decay of gradually improved ideals.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

Evening. No man will hinder thee from living according to the reason of thy own nature: nothing will happen to thee contrary to the reason of the universal nature.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

SEPTEMBER 12.

Morning. Every bird has its decoy, and every man is led and misled in a way peculiar to himself.—*Goethe.*

Evening. In regard to inferior creatures, the superior man is kind to them, but not loving. In regard to people generally, he is loving to them, but not affectionate. He is affectionate to his parents, and lovingly disposed to people generally. He is lovingly disposed to people generally, and kind to creatures.—*The Chinese Sages.*

SEPTEMBER 13.

Morning. Thinkest thou to escape that which no mortal man could ever avoid?—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Wisdom allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what he has within himself; no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself. This is the felicity of human life, a felicity that can neither be corrupted nor extinguished.—*Seneca.*

SEPTEMBER 14.

Morning. Every man should be valiant, but he should also be gentle.—*Plato.*

Evening. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy; this wide and universal theatre presents more woeful pageants than the scene wherein we play in.

—*Shakespeare.*

SEPTEMBER 15.

Morning. To the rational animal the same act is according to nature and according to reason.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. All men of a good disposition feel, with increasing cultivation, that they have a double part to play in the world—a real one, and an ideal one, and in this feeling is the ground of everything noble to be sought.—*Goethe.*

SEPTEMBER 16.

Morning. Every spirit builds itself a house; and beyond its house a world; and beyond its world, a heaven. What we are, that only can we see.—*Emerson.*

Evening. The mere preservation and continuance of life is not the most honorable thing for men, as the vulgar think, but the continuance of the best life while we live.—*Plato.*

SEPTEMBER 17.

Morning. Think not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast: but of the things which thou hast select the best.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. JACQUES:—Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery. ORLANDO:—I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

—*Shakespeare.*

SEPTEMBER 18.

Morning. A carpenter or a carriage-maker may give a man the circle and square, but cannot make him skilful in the use of them.—*The Chinese Sages.*

Evening. Virtue is that perfect good which is the complement of a happy life; the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality. It is the knowledge both of others and of itself, it is an invincible greatness of mind, not to be elevated or dejected with good or ill fortune.

—*Seneca.*

SEPTEMBER 19.

Morning. When once you trust yourself, you know the art of living.—*Goethe.*

Evening. He who asks of life nothing but the improvement of his own nature, and a continuous moral progress towards inward contentment and religious submission, is less liable than any one else to miss and waste life.—*Amiel's Journal.*

SEPTEMBER 20.

Morning. Love that which only happens to thee, and is spun with the thread of thy destiny. For what is more suitable?—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. Of that ineffable essence which we call Spirit, he that thinks most will say the least. That essence refuses to be recorded in propositions.—*Emerson.*

SEPTEMBER 21.

Morning. The excessive love of self is in reality the source to each man of all offences.—*Plato.*

Evening. Let not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which now thou usest for present things.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

SEPTEMBER 22.

Morning. We ought not to stretch either our legs or our hopes for a point they cannot reach.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. It is not difficult to remark in the world, that man feels himself most freely and perfectly rid of his own failings when he represents to himself the faults of others and expatiates upon them with complacent censoriousness.—*Goethe.*

SEPTEMBER 23.

Morning. Better it is to have a small portion of good sense with humility, and a slender understanding, than great treasures of many sciences with self-complacency.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The disease of men is this:—that they neglect their own fields, and go to weed the fields of others, and that what they require from others is great, while what they lay upon themselves is light.
—*The Chinese Sages.*

SEPTEMBER 24.

Morning. Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. It is not the matter but the virtue that makes the action good or ill; and he that is led in triumph may be yet greater than his conqueror.—*Seneca.*

SEPTEMBER 25.

Morning. Deal with life no longer by halves, but work it out in its totality, beauty and goodness.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—*Emerson.*

SEPTEMBER 26.

Morning. Truth is the beginning of every good thing, both to gods and men.—*Plato.*

Evening. He who in time of peace is willing to be over-secure, shall be often found in time of war too much dejected and full of fears.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

SEPTEMBER 27.

Morning. There is no condition of life that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty.—*Seneca.*

Evening. We cannot now prevent this moment from forming an epoch in our lives; but it depends on us to bear ourselves in a manner which shall be worthy of us. —*Goethe.*

SEPTEMBER 28.

Morning. Rather think that thou hast then found peace, when thou art exercised with sundry tribulations, and tried in many adversities.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to make the desires few. Here is a man whose desires are few:—in some things he may not be able to keep his heart, but they will be few. Here is a man whose desires are many:—in some things he may be able to keep his heart, but they will be few.

—*The Chinese Sages.*

SEPTEMBER 29.

Morning. What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. The history of man is essentially zoological; it becomes human late in the day, and then only in the beautiful souls, the souls alive to justice, goodness, enthusiasm, and devotion.—*Amiel's Journal.*

SEPTEMBER 30.

Morning. A nation multiplies its strength only by increasing as one great family, in perfect fellowship and brotherhood.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. The primordial atoms are prefigured and predetermined to moral issues, are in search of justice, and ultimate right is done. Religion or worship is the attitude of those who see this unity, intimacy, and sincerity; who see that, against all appearances, the nature of things works for truth and right forever.—*Emerson.*

OCTOBER 1.

Morning. From the self-same thing in which they imagine their delight to be, oftentimes they receive the penalty of sorrow.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Another education there is which will speedily recommence, and work on well-nigh through all the years of our life—the education which circumstances will give us, if we do not give it to ourselves.—*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 2.

Morning. It belongs to a wise man to resist pleasure, and to a fool to be enslaved by it.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. Man's impotence to moderate and control his affections or passions I call Slavery. For when a man is dominated by these he is not master of himself, but, is, as it were, controlled by fate, so that, although seeing and knowing what course is best, yet is he often forced to follow that which is worst.—*Spinoza.*

OCTOBER 3.

Morning. If, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. That which is right is not to be valued by quantity, number, or time; a life of a day may be as honest as a life of an hundred years.—*Seneca.*

OCTOBER 4.

Morning. Nothing is more unsatisfactory than a mature judgment adopted by an immature mind.

—*Goethe.*

Evening. I look on that man as happy, who, when there is question of success, looks into his work for a reply, not into the market, not into opinion, not into patronage.—*Emerson.*

OCTOBER 5.

Morning. Every man should remember the universal rule, that he who is not a good servant will not be a good master.—*Plato.*

Evening. If it was so great a comfort to us to pass from the subjection of our childhood into a state of liberty and business, how much greater will it be when we come to cast off the boyish levity of our minds and range ourselves among the philosophers.—*Seneca.*

OCTOBER 6.

Morning. By faithful observation, by continued occupation soemthing may be gained from all things.

—*Goethe.*

Evening. Is not making others happy the best happiness? To illuminate for an instant the depths of a deep soul, to cheer those who bear by sympathy the burdens of so many sorrow-laden hearts and suffering lives, is to me a blessing and a precious privilege.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

OCTOBER 7.

Morning Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. If we meet a person who is under an obligation to us, we remember it immediately. But how often may we meet people to whom we are ourselves under obligation without its even occurring to us.

—*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 8.

Morning. I found and have always since taught and will teach, I doubt not, till I die, that in resolving to do our work well is the only sound foundation of any religion whatsoever.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance.—*Emerson.*

OCTOBER 9.

Morning. He is not truly patient, who is willing to suffer only so much as he thinks good, and from whom he pleases.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Whatever any one does or says, I must be good, just as if the gold were always saying this. Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

OCTOBER 10.

Morning. Nothing is more useful to man than his fellow-men.—*Spinoza.*

Evening. I am contented. I am happy. That I feel; and yet the whole center of my joy is in an inward yearning toward something which I have not, something which my soul perceives dimly.—*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 11.

Morning. That principle, to which Polity owes its stability, Life its happiness, Faith its acceptance, Creation its continuance,—Obedience.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it.—*Emerson.*

OCTOBER 12.

Morning. Be thou always prepared for the fight, if thou wilt have the victory.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height.—*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 13.

Morning. Where my thoughts are, there am I; and commonly there are my thoughts where my affection is. —*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Nothing can be evil to us by that which it has in common with our nature; but in so far as it is evil to us, in so far is it contrary to our nature.—*Spinoza.*

OCTOBER 14.

Morning. He only deserves freedom and life who is daily compelled to conquer them for himself,—*Goethe.*

Evening. One thing only troubles me, lest I should do something which the constitution of man does not allow, or in the way which it does not allow, or what it does not allow now.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

OCTOBER 15.

Morning. Without a combat thou canst not attain unto the crown of patience.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The last lesson of life, the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom.—*Emerson.*

OCTOBER 16.

Morning. Choose the best of life; for habit will make it pleasant.—*Epictetus.*

Evening. The best way of training the young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to be always carrying out your own admonitions in practice.—*Plato.*

OCTOBER 17.

Morning. The supreme good of those who practice virtue is common to all men, and all may equally enjoy it.—*Spinoza.*

Evening. To be active is the primary vocation of man. All the intervals in which he is obliged to rest he should employ in getting clearer knowledge of external things, for this will in its turn facilitate action.—*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 18.

Morning. Without labor there is no arriving at rest, nor without fighting can the victory be reached.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. I feel most strongly that man, in all that he does or can do which is beautiful, great, or good, is but the organ and the vehicle of something or some one higher than himself. This feeling is religion.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

OCTOBER 19.

Morning. Hate is increased when it is mutual, and, on the contrary, it may be effaced by love.—*Spinoza.*

Evening. In every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul; and that what you give the body you presently lose, but what you give the soul remains forever.—*Epictetus.*

OCTOBER 20.

Morning. Mankind must have laws, and conform to them, or life would be as bad as that of the most savage beast.—*Plato.*

Evening. When I become acquainted with a man my first inquiry is: With what does he occupy himself, and how and with what degree of perseverance? The answer regulates the interest I take in that man for life. —*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 21.

Morning. Peace is what all desire, but all do not care for the things that pertain unto true peace.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. He who naturally and genuinely reverences justice and hates injustice, is discovered in his dealings with any class of men to whom he can easily be unjust.
—*Plato.*

OCTOBER 22.

Morning. It is not the posture of the body or the composure of the bed that will give rest to an uneasy mind—*Seneca.*

Evening. A great part of all the misery and mischief that we find in the world arises from the fact that men are too remiss to get a proper knowledge of their object in life, and, when they do know it, to work intensely in attaining it.—*Goethe.*

OCTOBER 23.

Morning. My peace is with the humble and gentle of heart; in much patience shall thy peace be.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Man is made of the same atoms the world is, he shares the same impressions, predispositions, and destiny. When his mind is illuminated, when his heart is kind, he throws himself joyfully into the sublime order, and does, with knowledge, what the stones do by structure.—*Emerson.*

OCTOBER 24.

Morning. How quick to know, but how slow to put in practice is the human creature.—*Goethe.*

Evening. We, as we live and work, are to be always thinking of those who are to come after us; that what we do may be serviceable, as far as we can make it so, to them, as well as to us.—*Ruskin.*

OCTOBER 25.

Morning. The best way of life is to practice justice and every virtue in life and death.—*Plato.*

Evening. The only type which pleases me is perfection—man, in short, the ideal man. As for the national man, I bear with and study him, but I have no admiration for him.—*Amiel's Journal.*

OCTOBER 26.

Morning. 'Tis curious that we only believe as deep as we live.—*Emerson.*

Evening. It is of the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well, which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.—*Seneca.*

OCTOBER 27.

Morning. The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things, but *enjoy* the right things.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. Never to feel any disturbance at all, nor to suffer any trouble of mind or body, belongs not to this life, but to the state of eternal Rest.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

OCTOBER 28.

Morning. No one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good.—*Plato.*

Evening. Precepts are of great weight, and a few useful ones at hand do more toward a happy life than whole volumes of cautions that we know not where to find.—*Seneca.*

OCTOBER 29.

Morning. Every spirit makes its house; and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant.
—*Emerson.*

Evening. Consider thyself to be dead, and to have completed thy life up to the present time; and live according to nature the remainder which is allowed thee.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

OCTOBER 30.

Morning. Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. It is in thy power to live free from all compulsion in the greatest tranquility of mind, even if all the world cry out against thee as much as they choose.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

OCTOBER 31.

Morning. He who is led by fear to do good that he may escape evil, is not guided by reason.—*Spinoza.*

Evening. The new virtue which constitutes a thing beautiful is a certain cosmical quality, or a power to suggest relation to the whole world, and so lift the object out of a pitiful individuality.—*Emerson.*

NOVEMBER 1.

Morning. A good man may serve the public, his friend, and himself, in any station.—*Seneca.*

Evening. He who lives under the guidance of reason strives to the extent of his power to repay the hatred, anger, contempt of others with love and generosity.
—*Spinoza.*

NOVEMBER 2.

Morning. Tho' we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.
—*Emerson.*

Evening. For man there is but one great misfortune, when some idea lays hold of him, which exerts no influence upon active life, or still more, which withdraws him from it.—*Goethe.*

NOVEMBER 3.

Morning. According to the love and affection which thou bearest towards anything, so doth it more or less cleave to thee.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Every man has a judge and a witness within himself of all good and ill that he does, which inspires us with great thoughts, and administers to us wholesome counsels.—*Seneca.*

NOVEMBER 4.

Morning. Submit to what is unavoidable, banish the impossible from the mind, and look around for some new object of interest in life.—*Goethe.*

Evening. All education begins in work. What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we *do*—and for man, woman and child, the first point of education is to make them do their best.

—*Ruskin.*

NOVEMBER 5.

Morning. Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men; for whether they interpret well or ill of thee, thou art not therefore another man.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The beginning of virtue is not to make mistakes by guessing many things, but to look steadily at one thing and on this to fix all our aims.—*Plato.*

NOVEMBER 6.

Morning. The free man thinks of nothing less than of death; and his wisdom is meditation of life, not of death.—*Spinoza.*

Evening. The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth, or courage.—*Emerson.*

NOVEMBER 7.

Morning. Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them then or bear with them.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. If we do nothing but what is honest, let all the world know it; but if otherwise, what does it signify to have nobody else know it, so long as I know it myself?—*Seneca.*

NOVEMBER 8.

Morning. The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Every man must think for himself, and he will always find upon his path some truth, or at least a kind of a truth, that will help him through life; yet be dare not allow himself to drift; he must be self-controlled—mere naked instinct does not befit a man.

—*Goethe.*

NOVEMBER 9.

Morning. I would rather that the whole world should be at odds with me and oppose me, rather than that I myself should be at odds with myself and contradict myself.—*Plato.*

Evening. You cannot serve two masters;—you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil.—*Ruskin.*

NOVEMBER 10.

Morning. He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I seem to know what he meant who said, No man can see God face to face and live.—*Emerson.*

NOVEMBER 11.

Morning. They are but in fetters, all who merely seek their own interest, and are lovers of themselves.
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. I want you to see that the noble and the good may possibly be something different from saving and being saved:—may he who is truly a man cease to care about living a certain time.—*Plato.*

NOVEMBER 12.

Morning. It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. To the man of superficial cleverness almost everything readily takes a ridiculous aspect; to the man of thought almost nothing is really ridiculous.—*Goethe.*

NOVEMBER 13.

Morning. Some there are who resign themselves, but with certain exceptions.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Remember that to change thy opinion and to follow him who corrects thy error is as consistent with freedom as it is to sist in thy error.
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

NOVEMBER 14.

Morning. God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please,—you cannot have both.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Do not covet that which it is not lawful for thee to have. Do not have that which may entangle thee and deprive thee of inward liberty.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

NOVEMBER 15.

Morning. To-day I have got out of all trouble, or rather I have cast out all trouble, for it was not outside, but within and in my opinions.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. The immense majority of our species are candidates for humanity, and nothing more. Virtually we are men; we might be, we ought to be, men; but practically we do not succeed in realizing the type of our race—*Amiel's Journal.*

NOVEMBER 16.

Morning. That which we call our own is but lent us; and what we have received gratis, we must return without complaint.—*Seneca.*

Evening. The purer the eye of the intention is, with so much the more constancy doth a man pass through the several kinds of storms which assail him.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

NOVEMBER 17.

Morning. Few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun.—*Emerson.*

Evening. Men sometimes seem vexed that, after all, truth is so very simple an affair; they ought to bear in mind that, simple as it is, they have generally trouble enough before they can apply it to any practical purpose.—*Goethe.*

NOVEMBER 18.

Morning. Is it not better to use what is in thy power like a free man, than to desire in a slavish and abject way what is not in thy power.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Evening. When he is no longer a citizen, he is yet a man; but the whole world is his country, and human nature is never in want of matter to work upon.—*Seneca.*

NOVEMBER 19.

Morning. The only thing in the world of value, is the active soul.—*Emerson.*

Evening. At certain epochs of our life, we find ourselves in circumstances that, while they press upon us, and even seem altogether to weigh us down, at the same time give us the opportunity, nay, impose on us the duty, to elevate ourselves, and by so doing fulfill the purpose of the Divine Being in our creation.—*Goethe.*

NOVEMBER 20.

Morning. I tell you that virtue is not got by money, but that from virtue comes money and every other good of man, public as well as private—*Plato.*

Evening. Thou oughtest with all diligence to endeavor, that in every place, and in every external action or occupation, thou mayest be inwardly free, and thoroughly master of thyself and that all things be under thee, and not thou under them.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

NOVEMBER 21.

Morning. Nothing is more terrible than ignorance with spurs on.—*Goethe.*

Evening. A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chances of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or of a bad.—*Plato.*

NOVEMBER 22.

Morning. The world is nothing; the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature.—*Emerson.*

Evening. If we wish to respect men we must forget what they are, and think of the ideal which they carry hidden within them; of the just man and the noble, the man of intelligence and goodness, inspiration and creative force, who is loyal and true, faithful and trustworthy, of the higher man, in short, and that divine thing we call a soul.—*Amiel's Journal.*

NOVEMBER 23.

Morning. At all times it is the individual that preaches the truth, not the age. It was the age that gave Socrates hemlock.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Man is not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.—*Goethe.*

DECEMBER 3.

Morning. What I am not willing to suffer I ought by all means to beware of doing.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. There is no rational life without intelligence, and things are only good in so far as they aid man to enjoy that Soul-Life which is defined as understanding.—*Spinoza.*

DECEMBER 4.

Morning. Money never made any man rich, for the more he had the more he still coveted.—*Seneca.*

Evening. There are three relations; the one to the body which surrounds thee; the second to the divine cause from which all things come to all; and the third to those who live with thee.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

DECEMBER 5.

Morning. The truth of Nature is a part of the truth of God; to him who does not search it out, darkness, as it is to him who does, infinity.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. How often have I not met with faithfulness there, where I thought myself sure of it! How often, too, have I found it there, where before hand I least expected it!—*Thomas a Kempis.*

DECEMBER 6.

Morning. No man can be poor that has enough, nor rich that coverts more than he has.—*Seneca.*

Evening. What is not true has this advantage, that it can be eternally talked about; whereas about truth there is an urgency that cries out for its application; for otherwise it has no right to be there.—*Goethe.*

DECEMBER 7.

Morning. It is thy duty to put on the new man, and to be changed into another person.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. It is thy duty to order thy life well in every single act; and if every act does its duty, as far as is possible, be content; and no one is able to hinder thee so that each act shall not do its duty.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

DECEMBER 8.

Morning. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—"magnanimous"—to be this, is, indeed, to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life"—in life itself—not in the trappings of it.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. Assuredly there is no more lovely worship of God than that for which no image is required, but which springs up in our breast spontaneously, when nature speaks to the soul, and the soul speaks to Nature face to face.—*Goethe.*

DECEMBER 9.

Morning. It is thy duty oftentimes to do what thou would'st not; thy duty, too, to leave undone what thou would'st do.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The human clay, now trampled and despised, will not be—cannot be—knit into strength and light by accidents or ordinances of unassisted fate. By human cruelty and iniquity it has been afflicted; by human mercy and justice it must be raised.—*Ruskin.*

DECEMBER 10.

Morning. Neither are we to value ourselves upon a day or an hour, or any one action, but upon the whole habit of the mind.—*Seneca.*

Evening. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the door of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us judge, as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge.—*Ruskin.*

DECEMBER 11.

Morning. If thou perfectly overcome thyself, thou shalt very easily bring all else under the yoke.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. To her who gives and takes back all, to Nature, the man who is instructed and modest says: Give what thou wilt; take back what thou wilt. And he says this not proudly, but obediently and well pleased with her.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

DECEMBER 12.

Morning. Lament with pain and sighing that thou are yet so inconsiderate in speech, so reluctant to keep silence.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. How can a man come to know himself? Never by thinking, but by doing. Try to do your duty, and you will know at once what you are worth.—*Goethe.*

DECEMBER 13.

Morning. We ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him.—*Plato.*

Evening. All the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snow-ball, higher and higher—larger and larger—along the Alps of human power.—*Ruskin.*

DECEMBER 14.

Morning. Love of truth shows itself in this, that a man knows how to find and value the good in everything.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims in some one particular, to let the soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey.

—*Emerson.*

DECEMBER 15.

Morning. Love reason, for it will be unto thee as an arm against all the greatest misfortunes that may be.—*Seneca.*

Evening. To renounce happiness and think only of duty, to put conscience in the place of feeling; this involuntary martyrdom has its nobility. The natural man in us flinches, but the better self submits.

—*Amiel's Journal.*

DECEMBER 16.

Morning. Worship is the regard for what is above us. Men are respectable only as they respect.—*Emerson.*

Evening. We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have a certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—*Ruskin.*

DECEMBER 17.

Morning. Revenge is a confession of pain. The mind is not great which is animated by injury.—*Seneca.*

Evening. Man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting and counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend.—*Emerson.*

DECEMBER 18.

Morning. Everything that frees our spirit without giving us control of ourselves is ruinous.—*Goethe.*

Evening. A man may lie as warm and as dry under a thatched as under a gilded roof. Let the mind be great and glorious and all other things are despicable in comparison.—*Seneca.*

DECEMBER 19.

Morning. I have good hope that there is yet something remaining for the dead and some far better thing for the good than for the evil.—*Plato.*

Evening. Let not thy thoughts at once embrace all the various troubles which thou mayst expect to befall thee; but on every occasion ask thyself, What is there in this which is intolerable and past bearing? for thou wilt be ashamed to confess.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

DECEMBER 20.

Morning. Lament with pain and sighing that thou art yet so quickly distracted, so seldom thoroughly self-collected.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. The greatest piece of good fortune is that which corrects our deficiencies and redeems our mistakes.—*Goethe.*

DECEMBER 21.

Morning. He could scarce have loved one who cannot love but one.—*Seneca.*

Evening. It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt.—*Emerson.*

DECEMBER 22.

Morning. Every man has enough power left to carry out that of which he is convinced.—*Goethe.*

Evening. In the constitution of the rational animal, I see no virtue which is opposed to justice; but I see a virtue which is opposed to love of pleasure, and that is temperance.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

DECEMBER 23.

Morning. Man would not be the finest creature in the world if he were not too fine for it.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Call him, then, as thou pleasest, either Nature, or Fate, or Fortune—it makes no matter, because they are all the names of the self-same God, who diversely useth his divine providence.—*Seneca.*

DECEMBER 24.

Morning. Lament with pain and sighing that thou are yet so joyful at prosperity, so weak in adversity. —*Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Accustom thyself as much as possible on the occasion of anything being done by any person to inquire with thyself, For what object is this man doing this? But begin with thyself, and examine thyself first. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

DECEMBER 25.

Morning. Government and Co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and Competition the Laws of Death.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. There is dishonor in yielding to the evil, or in an evil manner; but there is honor in yielding to the good, or in an honorable manner.—*Plato.*

DECEMBER 26.

Morning. He is the happiest man who can set the end of his life in connection with the beginning.—*Goethe.*

Evening. The more that my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me. I saw that both my own failure and such success in petty things as in its poor triumph seemed to me worse than failure, came from the want of sufficiently earnest effort to understand the whole law and meaning of existence and to bring it to noble and due end.—*Ruskin.*

DECEMBER 27.

Morning. He is already dead who lives only to keep himself alive.—*Goethe.*

Evening. Lament with pain and sighing that thou art yet so often making many good resolutions, and yet bringing them at last to so poor effect.

—*Thomas a Kempis.*

DECEMBER 28.

Morning. So live with thine inferior as thou would'st thy superior should live with thee.—*Seneca.*

Evening. Who is the happiest person? He whose nature asks for nothing that the world does not wish and use.—*Goethe.*

DECEMBER 29.

Morning. Free heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain—these and the blue sky above you and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things,—these may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine; serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.—*Ruskin.*

Evening. To dwell in the wide house of the world, to stand in the correct seat of the world, and to walk in the great path of the world; when he obtains his desire for office, to practice his principles for the good of the people; and when that desire is disappointed, to practice them alone; to be above the power of riches and honors to make dissipated, of poverty and mean

conditions to make swerve from principle, and of power and force to make bend—these characteristics constitute the great man.—*The Chinese Sages.*

DECEMBER 30.

Morning. Beloved Pan and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry.—*Prayer of Socrates.*

Evening. God help me further, and give me light that I may not so much stand in my own way, but see to do from morning till the evening the work which lies before me and obtain a clear conception of the order of things; that I be not as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine which gives the headache!—*Prayer of Goethe.*

DECEMBER 31.

Morning. Behold! meat, drink, clothes, and other necessaries for the maintenance of the body, are burdensome unto a fervent spirit. Grant me to use such refreshments moderately, and not to be entangled with an over-great desire of them.—*Prayer of Thomas a Kempis.*

Evening. Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for me is too early nor too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which they seasons bring, O Nature; from thee are all things, in thee are all things, to thee all things return. The poet says, dear City of Cecrops; and wilt thou not say, Dear City of God?

—*Prayer of Marcus Aurelius.*

THE NEED AND SCOPE OF MORAL TRAINING OF THE YOUNG.*

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I wish to speak, as your chairman has indicated, on the need and scope of moral training of the young, or, as I prefer to designate it, the ethical training needed in our present-day civilization; and I shall speak more particularly upon the *scope* of that training, because, as I do so, its *need* will appear to your own minds.

John Ruskin once said that there were but three questions that concerned the human soul; that if the human soul could propound to itself these three questions, and answer them, it had justified its right to be a human soul. The first of these questions is this: How did I get here? The second: How am I going to get out of this world? And third: What had I best do under the circumstances? In other words, the three great concerns of life center themselves around the thoughts of our origin, our destiny and our duty, and we have scarcely approached the problem of duty until we see that problem in the light of our destiny, and in the light of our origin; for, unless we understand that with which we are endowed, and that for which we have been endowed, we will scarcely be able to make a rational use of our lives.

When one comes to a consideration of the moral life, the life which sets before itself the standard of living up to its best thought, one has at once a heroic concep-

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tion of the human soul. If, in America, to-day, we had an appreciable group of people who were heroic enough always to do the things which they know are best to do, we would at once have a most wholesome leaven in our whole civilization.

If, to the thought that one is to live up to his best knowledge, is added the additional fact that where one's knowledge fails to give guidance one must trust a higher and diviner guidance, so that the life begins with thought and ends with faith, one has the real conception of the ethical character. For I take it that the child in the home lives heroically when it lives up to all that it has been taught, and, in the absence of guidance from that side, lives up, in the next place, to the example of its parents, its teachers, and those who stand above it in years and experience, as examples of what should be best in life. And so, all along the line of our growth, we need, not merely the heroic moral quality, that makes us do the best things we know, but also the higher ethical quality that makes us willing to be led in the hours when our own thought and our own guidance fail to give us direction. Now, if to that ethical conception of life's duty you add the acceptance of a divine personality, revealed to mankind in some form, and apprehended as a God, you have the religious life of the race. One must always keep in mind these distinctions when presenting a discussion of moral, or ethical, or religious training of the young.

There are three great virtues in civilization. There are three great qualities in the moral life to which everyone of us should be dedicated; there are three virtues of the human soul that every individual should strive to achieve. And to the extent that we manifest these, live e midst of our fellows, to that extent may we ive truly, and to live nobly.

There is, first of all, the virtue of civilization, with which every soul should be invested. The virtue of civilization is *politeness*. Not that surface politeness that makes a man act a part in society, but that genuine politeness of the soul which makes each one treat each other as if each were a perfect human being; for the very genius of politeness lies in the fact that we act to every man as if he were perfect: that makes our action as perfect as we can make it. And there is always in society the need for this. We are altogether too gruff, altogether too harsh, altogether too uncivil—due to the many influences at work upon our lives; and we need conscientiously, not only in our childhood, but in maturer years, to be taught that a part of the real virtue of life is in the politeness with which we meet one another, and in the courtesy with which we come in touch with fellow-beings in the world. No system of education that has in mind the development of the higher virtues of the ethical life can possibly ignore this fundamental need of civilization to the individual; for, in a very appreciable way, the objective measure of civilization may be found in the changed way with which we deal with one another. The rude savage knows none of the courtesies of life. His code is harsh; his doctrine is destructive; his activity is selfish. But, in our later civilization, we have overcome in part, and we need to overcome in a larger way, all those qualities of the barbaric spirit, and we need to incorporate into each one civilization's best gift to us, the courtesy, the kindly goodwill, that should characterize enlightened human life.

The second of the great virtues of the human soul is the virtue of morality, which is *conscientiousness*, as contrasted with the virtue of civilization, which is politeness. It means a great deal to you, and it means a great deal

to me, to have around us everywhere people who are living conscientiously; that is to say, who put their best conscience, their most honest endeavor, into every service that life places upon them. To be dependable in this world is a great power; and the very strength and fabric of our modern life rests upon the fact that we must depend one upon another, and the very shame and ignobleness of our modern life is that, all too frequently, we do not find in our fellowmen that conscientiousness which enables us, with confidence, to rely upon them. The subordinate is not always true to his superior, and the superior is not always true to his subordinate. And so, in all our industrial life, there are frictions, and difficulties, and turmoils, because the virtue of morality has not been incorporated into the life of each one, and we have not learned that a part of the regal business of the soul is to be conscientious in every phase of life, and in the performance of every duty in life.

> "In the elder days of Art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part;
> For the Gods see everywhere."

And a man's conscience to-day ought to be such that he would do every service of life, whether it is seen of his fellowmen or seen only of his own conscience, with the greatest care, knowing that his own peace of mind, his own self-respect, his own manhood, can never grow under deceit, or under the pretence of being, in the appearances, what we are not in the reality of things. What we need as the very basis of friendship in life is that absolute truthfulness of character that rings sincere to the very core. If you have a friend that you love, you place in that friend absolute confidence, and that confidence depends upon the conscientiousness with which your friend receives all your kindly offices and friendly

aid. Now there is the broad moral activity of the race figured in the simple words, conscientious devotion to service, and the performance of duty—truthfulness in all the relations of life. In the childhood of the race, above all the intellectual gifts of the sciences and the arts, there is this supremely significant thing, for it is better that our children, under our educational system, should be trained to be thoroughly conscientious, than simply to be trained to be thoroughly bright and smart.

The third of the great virtues of the human soul is the virtue of the ethical life, which expresses itself in the word *humility*. No one can be truly noble, heroic, helpful, in this world, who does not have a humble spirit, who has not risen, in the study of his own limitations, to the comprehension of the fact that all holy service in the world is performed by the soul that is imbued with the very spirit of humility. The loud, the blatant, the arrogant man is always the superficial, the never-to-be-trusted man. It is the quiet doing of helpful things, so that one's right hand is not informed of what one's left hand doeth, that makes for the larger and better services of life. The best things that we do are not paraded in the newspapers; they are not written on the bill-boards of the theatres; they are not displayed in the public advertisements on the walls of tumble-down buildings; but they are the quiet, humble services of the undiscoverable heart that finds its joy and comfort in the thought that it is helpful and useful to another in this world.

A child, coming up through our systems of training to-day, needs to be endowed with these great virtues of the human soul, to the end that, when he walks into his place in life, he shall find this place demanding of him the exercise of these great qualities of the human soul. And now, if the essence of human life is in some

way contained in the thought of a humble and contrite spirit, that is willing to question all things, to learn from all sources, to analyze all problems, and face heroically all questions of duty with a humble spirit, then one is prepared to study, with some degree of detail, just what the scope of such a training is.

I should like to present it to you this morning under three aspects.

First of all, *the theoretical training in the ethical life.*

Second, *the practical training in the ethical life.*

And, third, *the absolute training in the ethical life.*

For these three seem to me to be distinct, and they seem to be comprehensive.

By the theoretical training in ethical thought and conduct I mean the informing of the intellect with all that sum of principles that shall give us intellectual guidance for the performance of duty. I mean the training of the intellect until it shall know the difference between the right and the wrong, the true and the false, the noble and the ignoble things, until there is established within each one a clear and definite theory of conduct and duty, so that one has at least a rational basis for the acts of his life. Now, this theoretical informing of the intellect in ethical things is again a matter which passes, in the training of the child, through three distinct epochs.

First, in the theoretical training of the intellect in ethical things, is *the nutrition of the feeling life* of the child—the feeling of all that keen interest of childhood, with literature as the great material: the stories of heroic deeds, of domestic and civic and of social virtues—to the end that the child shall come to believe in the great heroes of life. The biographical quality of our early ethical teaching is of tremendous significance. It is a great time in the life of a child when it erects in its

soul a great character, and tries to build its own emotions, and its own acts, in harmony therewith.

You know that our own George Washington has, perhaps, above every other soul, been a great inspiration to the childhood of the country; and what a marvelous thing that has been to the childhood of this race! How many boys have tried to be like that great boy, and how we have idolized and glorified Washington's character, in order that it might build itself up in the soul of the boy! And so, all along the line, in the life of a child, it needs to have set in its spirit clearly defined characters that it shall come to admire and strive to emulate.

The very earliest ideals that a child emulates are found in the characters of the father and mother. It is a marvelous thing, if one had the time to stop and discuss it in detail, to what extent all that you and I become in this life can be traced directly to the early imitative activities of our lives, when we believed our parent and our school-teacher, perhaps, to be the embodiment of all that we cared to be.

I know a child in this city that has reached the point in its school career when the views of the teacher have become the guidance of that life; and, every now and then, when the parents say something, the child says, "Now, that cannot be so, for Miss So-and-So, my teacher, says it is the other way." There, you see, the child is moving out to a new hero. And it is a little embarrassing, sometimes, for a father to be called down by his own child, to see the teacher enthroned in the child's spirit; and yet it is most natural. It is the sign of a great teacher when that power has most been wrought in the life of a child. It is also the sign of a great responsibility, for, when the child tries to live after you, be sure that you are living in the light, or you will lead the child out of the light.

We shall add light with the fairy story and the moral tale. The Bible, and all the legendary lore which nourishes the feelings of a child, enter the field on the ethical side. But this should not be the end of the training of the mind, for, if so, the mind is lost in mysticism. There is no power to organize that right feeling, and stir it into a definite code of conduct.

The second of these intellectual disciplines is the *nutrition of definition*, just as the first is the nutrition of feeling. By the nutrition of definition I mean the training of the imagination to define its feelings—put bounds and limits to them.

In the larger religious life of the race, that activity has always been at work, and its objectivity has shown itself in the great art works of the religious life of the race. Now, if the spirit stops with the mere definition of its feelings, the mind rests in idolatry. Among the ancient civilizations of the world they have never gone beyond the nutrition of definition, and their idolatrous people worshipped the images in which they have objectified their own religious feeling, and have rested content with wood and stone, instead of pushing beyond into a vital contact with a high principle.

Above the nutrition of definition, and beyond it, in the theoretical training of a child in ethical things, is the *nutrition of insight*, by means of which, through the rational mind, we see back of the mere imagery which our minds have created, and come into close and vital touch with the reality which stands behind all imagery, and which is in spirit what these in broken parts are but the material representation of.

The nutrition of feeling is the function of the home and the primary school; the nutrition of definition is the function of the grammar school, and the nutrition of insight is the function of the high school, the college

and the university. When our feelings have been trained, our imagination disciplined, and our reasoning power cultured, we have completed the cycle of theoretical equipment in ethical things. The great problem now is, how to build that splendid intellectual position into terms of conduct, how to make all that the mind comprehends as duty figure itself in deeds of helpfulness, in deeds of consistent conduct.

That brings one to the discussion of the second, or the practical, phase of ethical training, by which I mean the informing of the will, so that it shall work out in daily service, in daily deeds, in daily conduct, a code of activities in harmony with all this theoretical training of the race, and of the mind.

Yesterday afternoon, some of you will remember, I pointed out that to the Greek we owe the fact that a rational basis for conduct was established for the human race. If we have nothing more than a rational basis for conduct, we are theoretical teachers and theoretical people, but if we can convert all that rational thought, all that intellectual discernment of duty into terms of conduct, then we have moved into the will's domain, and we are doing that which we know we should do.

We have a very strangely significant fact in our public school system to-day, which is largely an intellectualized system of education, and which, in its inception and quality, is secular through and through, and increasingly so, I regret to say. We have omitted, for reasons which I have not time now to state, the serious discipline of the will of the child, for the performance of high moral and high ethical service. We seem to be content, as a nation, when our children have mastered a certain curriculum of intellectual truth, and have passed a reasonable examination thereupon. As if, somehow, the informing of the mind with truth was all that we needed

to a man's mind amidst all the turmoil and the strife of a busy daily experience. For, it seems to me, that we need so to discipline our souls that, wherever we work, in the midst of what untoward conditions we find ourselves, we can work with the heroism born of the consciousness that we are right, and, therefore, have peace within.

This is a great doctrine for the human soul to consider. But it does not mean that we shall be doggedly content; it does not stand opposed to high aspiration, to the bettering of one's lot, the widening of one's usefulness, the intensifying of one's activities; but it means that, in whatever place we find ourselves in this world, we can reconcile ourselves to that place, and work there.

A teacher, not long since, said to me: "Oh, if I were only teaching in the University! Then I would be happy. But I am teaching out here in the country, where I am not appreciated, where I have access to no libraries, where I am divorced from all contact with intellectual people, and where I have not the stimulation and companionship of bright minds. Oh, if I were only in the city, in the University, teaching, then I would be happy." But it matters not whether we teach in the country or in the city, whether we are employed in the shop, or the forge, or the factory; the vital thing is that we never labor well until we are content to labor there with all our souls, and thus fit ourselves to labor in a larger place. No soul grows into larger usefulness by fretting against his lot and the work he finds himself called upon to perform. Whatever our present duty may be, the best proof that we are fitted to perform a larger service is that we are performing our present task with infinite skill and success. We need to put before our children the gospel of doing daily service well; not half-heartedly, and therefore imperfectly.

The third of these trainings of the will consists in giving to the child the power, and in exercising the power, of selecting, out of the many conflicting doctrines and teachings of the race, that which is best for him, and erecting it into a doctrine and bond of belief which shall be *his view-point in life.* For none of us can live our best unless we live consistently, and we cannot live consistently until we have settled with ourselves the things we believe, and, standing firmly upon these, live right out from them, along the plain, straight, unchanging course which is given to us, because we have settled in our own souls certain fundamental things. So long as we are wandering, so long as we are shifting, so long as we are changing, so long as we are uncertain, and willing to be shaken and molded and modified by every influence at work upon our lives, we have not reached the point whence we can hope for any large growth or wide usefulness in our lives.

We come, finally, to consider our third point, *the absolute process in ethical culture.* That begins, as I have hinted in the theoretical process, in accordance with natural law; it is the modifying of the human soul as it finds itself in touch with natural things: it is *conformity to law.* Herbert Spencer characterizes it as the adjustment of the human being to his scientific environment. It begins with yielding obedience and respect to the inevitable laws fixed in things, and against which it is foolishness to kick.

In the second place, it consists in studying all the codes and creeds and doctrines of history; it is the *investigation of all the race has done in its efforts to build itself up into a higher life.* It means some such study as you have projected here in these Saturday afternoon lectures on the historic forms of ethical life and training.

And, in the third place, it means picking out of all

these, here and there, the things that are best ethically, separating the false from the true, weighing all the evidence, all the facts which have any bearing, from the wisdom of all the great souls of all peoples, and forming all that accepted truth into a bond of doctrine which shall become *the creed of the soul*, so that it shall live and die, by reason of its conviction, in the righteousness of that creed.

When once we reach that point, the training is done, whether intellectual, or moral, or ethical, or religious, or whatever it may be. So you will see, if you have followed the discussion, that it ends itself in one thing. There was first the discipline of the intellect in theoretical training; then the discipline of the will for practical service, and, finally, the discipline of the soul to absolute standards of life, and then the application of all this to service—for we have not reached, to any appreciable degree, the end of all high training until we have learned that we live best when we live least for ourselves and most for others. That man is richest in soul who has given most to enrich other souls; that man is a begger in his spirit who has never done kindly ministrations to his fellowmen.

As I said not long since to a group of boys, you have all the opportunity of being heroes. A boy who will run all day over the hills of Pennsylvania to shoot a rabbit, and then sit down and eat it in greedy selfishness, is not a good boy. The boy I like will shoulder his gun when his neighbor is sick, and bring back to the one in distress the food and comfort that his body and spirit need.

It is the service we render, the kindly spirit, the thoughtful concern for the welfare of another soul, the giving of the cup of cold water, that makes life rich and the soul strong.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES.*

With Special Reference to Mr Dubois' Book, "The Souls of Black Folk."

BY FELIX ADLER

The Negro problem is a thorny and intricate one. The popular saying, applied to it, has peculiar force: "If you would judge another, first put yourself in his place." If you are of the North, try to put yourself in the place of your fellow-citizen of the South. I am afraid we do not always earnestly try to do this. In the North the problems suggested by the presence of the negro are comparatively insignificant. In the South there are more than a hundred counties, I am told, in which the relative proportion of blacks to whites is as two to one, and there are many counties—fourteen, if I remember rightly—in which the proportion is as seven to one. If you are of the South, try to put yourself in the place of the citizen of the North. Remember, what is now generally admitted, that the North conferred upon our country the boon of emancipation, and that it is therefore natural that the people of the North should be solicitous for the perpetuation of that boon in the spirit as well as in the letter. If you are a white man, put yourself in the place of the black man, of that black man who recently said to a distinguished citizen of New England, for instance, that he would be willing to have himself flayed alive, if under his black skin he could somewhere find a white skin. But he cannot find it, and he is shut out as by an impassable gulf from many of the things which he most prizes. Let us beware of sweeping judgments. Let us expel from our minds

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and hearts, if we can, the spirit of partisanship, the pride of opinion, the dogmatism of the doctrinaire, and especially the disposition on the part of those who are less burdened and less tempted, to say to those who are more burdened and more tempted, "We are better and more righteous than you."

One approaches this subjest with reluctance because it is so difficult, so multiform in its bearings, so complex, and because in many of its aspects one feels deeply, as I do, the need for instruction rather than the ability to offer it to others. And yet there are certain great outstanding, chiefly moral, truths that apply to this subject, concerning which there can be no difference, or at least no uncertainty in the mind of a moral man, and it appears that these truths, so evident and so fundamental, are not as widely and generally recognized as they profitably might be.

The negro problem is a national problem; it is a problem that touches the fate and fortunes of universal democracy, that—apart from our national interests—has to do with the future of democracy in this country, in all countries; it is also a spiritual problem that somehow touches you and me most intimately. Let us consider it under these three phases in turn; and first, let us judge of it as a national problem.

A disposition has lately been manifested by some of our most eminent men in this section to take the ground that for us of the North, the only right attitude is to let this thing alone, to stand aside and leave it to the Southern people. "It is their problem," say these Northern publicists, "do not interfere, do not meddle." One can very well understand why this attitude should be taken, one can see the reasons for it. We are not very proud of our attempts to solve the negro question in the days that immediately succeeded the Civil War. Despite the high-

minded intentions of some—yes, the self-sacrifice of many —we do not look with unalloyed satisfaction over those pages in the annals of our Republic which record the history of the attempts of the North to solve the negro question. We remember but too well the part played at that momentous epoch of our history by partisan passion, at a time when only the broadest considerations of patriotism should have determined our conduct. We remember that we were responsible for the setting up of those carpet-bag governments, which enacted a parody of popular rule. There were two figures at the helm of things in the South —Ignorance and Knavery—and we of the North put them there, and kept them there by the pressure of the Northern army. We remember the virtual failure of the Freedmen's Bureau, a point to which Mr. DuBois in "The Souls of Black Folk" attaches particular importance. Despite the good accomplished, we failed on the whole to meet the just expectation of the country, to guide the transition from the old condition into the new, to settle the colored people on the land, to create an honest and self-respecting peasant proprietorship. If we had had a man like Lord Cromer or like Sir Andrew Clarke at the head, we should have succeeded. But we failed; we miserably failed! When all is said, the Bureau was a failure, which means that back of it our democracy was a failure; it was shown to be too unripe for a far-sighted constructive policy, too impatient to take up a great colonizing enterprise, and somehow incompetent to get itself served by strong and able men. It was the clearest demonstration imaginable of the unripeness and unreadiness of our crude democracy for things constructive. It is wrong to blame this or that incompetent man. *We* were to blame; we were not organized sufficiently; we did not have sufficient interest; we were too impatient to get back to our own business—to our money-getting; we were too ready to shift

the responsibility of the negro question on some one else's shoulders and to rid ourselves of it. So, when the Bureau, our chosen instrument, crumbled in our hands, we fell upon the device—misled by the popular superstition about the franchise—of giving this weapon of the ballot, as if it were a panacea, into the inexpert hands of the colored people; whereas in truth, it was a two-edged sword that injured both them and their former masters, and injured the whole country. The patent results of all this we now see.

Then there is another reason why some of the leaders and spokesmen of public opinion in the North are taking the ground that we should stand aside and leave this question entirely in the hands of our Southern fellow-citizens. It is the fear of disturbing the newly created amity between the sections; fear lest by stirring up this vexed problem we should break the present bond of union which it has taken a whole generation to weave between the alienated North and South of former days and which has become particularly strong since the Spanish-American War. "Don't disturb that bond," they say, "don't stir up questions that may divide us."

The foregoing are weighty reasons, reasons that anyone with a feeling of allegiance to the whole country will see the force of and respect. Yet, in my estimation, they are not reasons that should prevail, because this is a national problem. It is national in the sense of our complicity in bringing the Africans here to this country; national in the sense just recited, of our responsibility in creating the conditions which now exist at the South; national also in the sense that it is not fair or right or just, that we should devolve this burden upon our Southern fellow-citizens alone. It is not captiousness, it is not censoriousness, it is not self-righteousness, it it not meddlesomeness, that leads us to say to the South, "it is our problem as

well as yours," but the feeling that we have no right to throw this whole burden upon them, that we must take our share of it, that it would be cowardly in us to shirk our part. They have about nine millions, we one million. It is not fair that we should let them struggle under their burden without assistance. And then, too, it is a national problem in the sense that we are parties in interest; and that being the case, it is of course our right as well as our duty to be heard. For, whatever is done in the South is going to affect us in the North; if the solution is right, it will help us; if wrong, it will hurt us—more than that, it will hurt the Republic.

If the attempt should be made (as I trust it will never be permitted to be made), to create a class permanently inferior—a class permanently, not temporarily, excluded from the franchise—if the attempt should be made to create such conditions in the South, then the foundations of republican liberty will be undermined and imperiled throughout the whole country, for the contagion of such an example would spread. History shows that though the experiment has frequently been made to found a democracy upon a basis of slavery or permanent inferiority, as in Greece, the experiment has never succeeded. It never can succeed. We cannot have a democracy among the elect resting on the basis of a servile population. It is impossible, because the principle of discrimination which is first applied to those outside the favored pale, is inevitably thereafter applied as against the humbler classes within the pale; oligarchical tendencies are fostered, and while Republican institutions continue to exist in name, their substance vanishes. It is as true to-day, as it was in Lincoln's time, that this country cannot be "half-slave and half-free;" there cannot be a system of virtual serfdom in one part of the country and free labor in another part; there cannot be a great mass of undigested,

unassimilated, social and political inferiors in one part of the country, where men are denied the political privileges and rights of American citizenship, and yet the elementary and fundamental safeguards of American citizenship be secure in the other sections of the country.

Before taking up the second phase of the subject, namely the remedies, I wish to ask by way of introduction, "Why is it that the negro question has become so prominent just now?" There was a time when a comparative truce existed with respect to it. It withdrew and retired as it were into the background of the national consciousness, but it was never settled. We did not feel easy about it; but it was not urgent—was not a burning question. Why has it once more advanced into the focus of public attention? And here I wish to express my indebtedness to the book by Professor DuBois, to which I have already referred, which with the keen note of agony, of spiritual distress, that runs through it, has acted upon me like a spur, forcing me, however reluctant, to face more earnestly this great question. Another book, which is about to appear, by the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy, it has been my privilege to read in the manuscript; and I venture to predict that, because of its breadth, its exceptional wisdom, poise and sanity, and at the same time its deep moral sense, and coming as it does from a man who is identified with and belongs to the South and who so deeply realizes the right and wrong on both sides, it is destined to become epoch-making in the discussion of this subject.

I have asked why it is that the negro problem is once more acute, and to answer that question we must begin by writing out large before our minds the words, The New South. There is a new South, industrially, economically, socially and politically. The breath of new life has passed over the Southern land. Everywhere factories and mills are being established, new large centers of cotton

and iron industries are being created, that assert the power, the newly awakened virile strength, of an unspoiled, undeveloped, vigorous population. Now there has been and is progress in the South, but this advance, like all forward movements, is attended with good and evil fruits. The point I wish to bring out just here is, that the prominence given to the negro question is the result of the progress of the South; that it is not, as may appear on the surface, a mere reactionary movement—a mere harking back to the conditions that prevailed immediately after the Civil War. It is the incident and concomitant of progress, and therein lies our hope. The progress consists in this: in the ante-bellum days there were two classes in the South, the aristocratic planters with their retinue of slaves and the class excluded from participation in the actual rule, many of whom were poor—known as the "poor whites." There were just these two classes. The phenomenon which we are witnessing in the South to-day is analogous with what took place in Europe in the latter part of the Middle Ages, and that culminated in the French Revolution and the rise of the Third Estate. A third estate has been rising in the South; in other words, a middle class has been forming between the two classes of ante-bellum days. Now it is one of the most unwelcome and one of the most pitiable, but one of the truest facts in history, that whenever a class rises upward, it tries to get purchase for itself in the attempt to rise by thrusting downward and backward the class that is immediately below it. Every upward movement of a class hitherto unprivileged is accompanied by sharp discrimination and sometimes ferocious oppression of the class immediately below it. This was the case with the merchant guilds in the treatment of the artisans. This has been the case in the attitude of the middle class toward the lower, inferior wage-earning class. Nowhere has such bitterness, such

animosity, been expressed against the inferior wage-earning classes as among the middle class who had only just made good their own position; and nowhere is there such animosity to be found to-day against the wage-earning class as among the middle class. It was Lord Salisbury, who said, "We are all Socialists." I am not a Socialist, but the remark is significant for it came from one of the first aristocrats of England, and not from a representative of the bourgeoisie.

And so in the South to-day we find that the middle class has come into power. The sons of the "poor whites" and the sons of the impoverished planters have entered with eagerness into the industrial development of their country; have become toilers themselves, and signalize their accession to power by their sharp discrimination and their often savage persecution of the class industrially beneath them, which happens in this case to be the negroes. So that sociological and racial antipathies combine to explain the new prominence which is given to the negro question in the South. This, all the more, because in the South the gospel of work is new; because in the ante-bellum days labor was despised; and because these white men who now for the first time are laboring, feel it all the more necessary to mark themselves off in an exceptional position as against those who are lower in the scale.

And yet the spirit of progress, when it has once set in motion, cannot be checked. If the lessons of history show that every upward striving class seeks to thrust back the class immediately beneath it, they also show the vanity of these attempts; they show that the progress of the vanguard acts like a lode-stone upon those in the rear, encouraging and animating them to seek to achieve the betterment of their conditions in their turn. If it is true that this new sentiment, this new feeling of discrimination

in the South, is due to progress, we must trust to further progress to overcome and efface it.

There has been progress and retrogression also among the negroes themselves. I wish I were competent to tell the story of their progress; the pathetic, wonderful story of their perseverance under the most unfavorable conditions and against the heaviest odds; the story of progress as it is indicated by more than 700,000 homes of the colored people; by the capital which they have amassed; by the multiplying—though not yet general extension—of true negro homes in which the decencies and sanctities of the fireside are kept as sacredly and preserved as religiously as in Anglo-Saxon homes; by the appearance of such leaders of the colored people as Booker Washington, and DuBois himself, and many others that might be mentioned. For, where the fruit appears we know that the plant is vital and that the soil is propitious—where the leader appears we know that the conditions exist which have made possible his emergence. He does not appear out of context with the life of his people; he is related to it. However he may give the stamp of unique, unanalyzable personality to the tendencies which have borne him upward to the light, he could not have appeared without those tendencies. And so the fact that we have men like Booker Washington and others, is the most glorious evidence of the progress of the Negro people. It sheds a reflected light of glory upon the people from whom these men have come. And yet there has also been a retrogression on the part of the masses who have been deprived of the prop that slavery furnished, and who are not yet able morally to stand on their own feet. Of this retrogression the statistics of crime bear painful evidence.

And now what are the methods, the measures, in which we may trust, as leading if not to perfect solution, at least to approximate amelioration? In the first place, we

are instinctively united on education. There has been a great educational revival in the South. Many people in the North strangely enough seem to know almost nothing about it. Yet, we find great interest in Southern education on the part of some Northern men. We owe an unspeakable debt of gratitude to that pure and great-hearted gentleman—General Armstrong—and the work that he has performed and that lives after him in Hampton. We owe a great debt in these recent days to our fellow-citizens of the Southern Educational Board, who have done so much to stimulate educational interests in the South and to sustain the best efforts of the Southern people in that direction. But we owe also a great debt to those men of the South who have taken so zealous and so devoted a part in this educational revival, about which the great majority of the people appear to know so little. Many are utterly unaware of the great educational movement led by such men as Alderman of New Orleans, McKeever of North Carolina—above all, by Currie, the veteran and pioneer of the movement—names familiar as household words to those who are in touch with Southern conditions, and yet sure to sound strange in the ears of many that hear me. We are so distracted, there is such a multitude of things going on, that very often the great things escape our attention. Yet a remarkable educational revival is going on. When I was present at the meeting in Athens, Ga., a year ago, I could hardly comprehend at the time, as I have since learned to comprehend, why there should be such a passion, such a rapture for the common school. We take common schools as a matter of course in the North. Why are these people so much moved and stirred by the idea of the common school? Because it means a totally new development in the Southern country; it means the dawning of new ideals; it means the coming in of the democratic order; it means wonderful things.

This educational revival is promising; it is one of the best signs, one of the most encouraging aspects, of Southern progress. It alone is sufficient to give pause to those who would pass sweeping judgments of condemnation on the South. For besides Hampton, which of course we all know about, and Tuskegee, which means educational self-help on the part of the negroes—the object of which is to inculcate thrift, industry, the homely virtues that produce self-esteem on the basis of modest but substantial achievement—there is also the work done at Atlanta University and elsewhere—the work of higher education. That is also called for, because there is need and occupation among the ten million negroes for the professions, for the lawyer and the physician and the sane preacher. And these too must be educated. So the one great hopeful method is that of education.

And then the next is that of exact and capable administration of justice. I do not wish to touch any more intimately than I can help upon this painful subject. When the undue severity in the administration of justice, or rather in the administration of passion, is complained of, we are sometimes told, as an offset, of the undue leniency which exists in the South towards the delinquencies of the negro people; we are told that transgressions against the law, which would be strictly punished in the case of the whites, are condoned and almost forgotten in the case of the people who belong to what is called the child-race. I feel that there is a great danger in using this phrase "the child-race." Yet we are all the time using it, and observationally and historically it may be correct enough; but nevertheless it is perilous, because an adult is an adult, no matter whether he belongs to a backward race or not, and it is not fair to him to treat him as a child or to imply that he is a child. A man is a man, and if he does not come up to your standard, the very best way of helping him to

come up to it is to impute to him the responsibility of a man. Treat him as if he were a man; expect him to come up to the conduct of a man. And so while undue severity is wrong, undue leniency too is wrong. Excessive severity has for its effect the eliciting of vindictiveness, and the creating of a solidarity of the whole race with its weakest members. It thus distorts the moral value, while undue leniency relaxes the moral fibre and creates a condition of mind in which moral values cannot even exist. So with education must go the equable administration of justice.

Lastly we turn to the most important point of all, that upon which we need most to dwell; namely the bearing of this problem upon the conception of Democracy. And here I must explain that I mean that this is a problem that concerns universal democracy. The assumption underlying democracy hitherto has been the equality of the citizen. It has been assumed that the men who participate in a democratic government are, if not actually equal, yet similar, are roughly speaking on the same level. Now, in the case of the whites and the negroes in the South we have two populations of which it is perfectly evident that they are not on the same level, and yet they must be included within the same democratic order. If this is to be possible, our conceptions of democracy must be widened; they must be re-arranged, revised and raised. And if this is to be the case, then I say that the existence of these eight and a half million negroes in the South is not a hardship for the South, but the greatest blessing—the greatest boon —because it will compel the South, and through the South the whole country, to rise to a conception of democracy higher than that which we have yet attained. Democracy has been regarded as a compact of persons equally efficient for their common interests and their common ends. Democracy at its highest is—as the example of the coexistence of these two unequal peoples will compel us to

understand—a compact of the more efficient with the less efficient, having for its object through the action of the more efficient to lift the less efficient into efficiency.

That is the great problem which the South has got to work out. And eventually we shall have to do the same, for we too have classes and social conditions that are not equal. We do not yet dare to face our problem; we are constantly blinking it. But the South has got to face it now; has got to attain to a higher conception of democracy than in the past; and this is the blessing which the existence of the negro race in its midst has in store for the South. It is because we have not opened our eyes to this crucial point that we are so apt to be wrong—many of us, both North and South—in our criticism. The men of the North, feeling that democracy means equality in the sense of similarity, have been insisting, in the face of the facts, that the negro is the equal and must be placed on the same plane as his white fellow-citizen; because democracy without actual equality is to them inconceivable. And, on the other hand, many of the Southern whites, subscribing to the same false definition of democracy, but knowing that the negro is not the equal of the white man, have simply concluded that as he is not equal, and as democracy means the union and compact of equals, then the negro must be excluded from the democratic order and kept permanently outside the pale. Both inferences are mistaken. Democracy is a compact of the efficient with the inefficient, having for its object to lift the inefficient into efficiency. Such a compact will grow out of the conditions of the South. Despite, then, all the tribulations and perplexities, we can afford to look with confidence to the future.

I have always hoped and believed that the South would not merely copy the example of the other sections, but that with its fine old traditions of *noblesse oblige* and

aristocracy in the noble sense, it would perhaps be the first section of the country to understand this higher conception of democracy, and take the lead in accepting the responsibility of the efficient toward the inefficient. I have a feeling that there is latent something infinitely precious in that Southern land; that it would be the greatest pity in the world if the South should be simply a replica of our somewhat crude industrial conditions in the North; that that which is best in the old South should be reproduced, rejuvenated and adapted to the new conditions, but preserved as priceless in the development of our Republic.

Let us not for a moment conceal from ourselves or ignore the fact that the South does stand to-day at the parting of the ways. Its Constitutional amendments themselves do not mean much either way; but they will mean a great deal, according as they shall be used. They may mean an attempt to create a permanently inferior class—a politically disfranchised class; and if that is to be the result, then we shall witness a reversion, and a deplorable retrogression. On the other hand, these same amendments may mean—despite the actual unfairness which exists in them with regard to the illiterate whites as compared to the illiterate blacks—despite that, they may untimately mean an attempt to bring out all that is best and strongest in the colored people, by offering the prize of responsibility, of position and citizenship, and of the things in life which are worth cherishing, to those who will qualify themselves and show that they are fit to possess them. In other words, these constitutional amendments may be used as a means of training the untrained, as a means of discharging the duty which I have described as the highest duty in democracy—the duty of the more advanced toward the less advanced. If this is to be the case, however, it must be clearly enunciated by the whites and made clear to the colored people that there shall be no Chinese

wall of restrictions; that the gates of opportunity will be open; that the very summit shall be in view and shall be open to them if they are capable of mounting it; that every encouragement will be given to the development of quality and talent and fitness, and that fitness will secure its reward. There must be no taking for granted of unfitness, no previous assumption of inability to rise, but a fair field and no favor.

And here I see what we can do to help the South. I said we should not stand aside; that we of the North have a duty to perform. We know that the main burden rests upon the South, that our Southern friends know the conditions better than we do, and that in many respects it is a Southern question, a local question. Those of us who are most inclined to help will be most chary in proffering advice on matters that are beyond our knowledge or beyond our intimate familiarity. Yet we have a duty to perform, and it consists in the first place, in recognizing that there is a noble current running in the South; that there are moral forces working there. We must realize that the South contains noble-minded, magnanimous men and women who desire just as much as we do—more than we do— the settlement of this question on the highest plane. It ill becomes the North to hector the South, to lecture it, to assume airs of superiority as against it, to lay down the law for the South, to assume that everything that is wrong there indicates the general animus, and that everything that is good and excellent is merely exceptional. On the contrary, the North should open its eyes to the fact that there are these excellent tendencies, and should strengthen them by its expectancy that they will triumph, and through its expectancy help them to triumph.

But there is one more aspect of this problem, the spiritual aspect, upon which I must touch, before I conclude. And this concerns especially the educated Negroes, many

of whom it has been my good fortune to know. There is an ignorant feeling among many that all Negroes are alike, just as there is a feeling that all Chinamen are alike, as if there were no distinction between the laundryman and the high-class statesman and scholar of China. Of course this a great mistake. There are all degrees of culture and refinement. And I say frankly that if I were to choose a half-dozen people whom I should think myself most honored by associating with, at least one of these would be a negro. Perhaps there would be more if my chance acquaintance with the negroes were larger. Thinking of that fine brain, that subtle, delicate nature, that man of infinite sweetness and deep perception, if I ask myself how the world would look to me if I were in his skin, I realize that if I were to put myself in his place, I should probably have to re-read my philosophy of life, and I should be led to seek and see new light on the deepest questions, especially as to how we ought to treat limitations which we cannot transcend. I realize his position. He is cut off from the masses of his people by his very superiority; he has been developed far beyond them; he is a scholar, as well acquainted with the classic languages as some of our best scholars; he has the fine feeling of the artist and is refined and delicate and subtle in his social perceptions. He is cut off from the mass of his people, and at the same time he is cut off from the white people who would be his equals, would rank with him and with whom he would rank, by a barrier which even in thought he dare not overleap. How would the world look to you if you were in his skin, if you looked out upon the world from his point of view, if you were chilled by that great loneliness and isolation which is his portion?

Many of you have read Mr. DuBois's book, "The Souls of Black Folk." You know he makes constant use of the gloomy image of the veil. He says the black child is born

with a veil. He speaks of the shadow of the veil falling on his people, the shadow of the white man's prejudice; and in that pitiful passage of his book in which he records the death of his little boy, he finds a bitter solace in the fact that at least the little boy will not have to meet the scorn and humilitation that would be in store for him if he had lived. He has escaped beyond the veil. If you were within the shadow of the veil, what would you do? There is nothing so educating, nothing that makes such a good test of our religion, of our spiritual ideas, as to ask ourselves whether they would help us in the worst possible cases. Test your religion by that, find out whether it would help you if you were in the case of such a person. What would you do? Would you curse God and die, as Job's wife told him to do? Or would you lick the hand of the tyrant that beats you? Or would you cultivate a stocial indifference and spiritual anaesthesia?

There would be three ways of salvation open. The first is that of pity. If you were a man, if you had the feelings of a human being in you, you would pity your own people, the members of your own race who are weaker than you are, who need your guidance, whose insistent appeal cannot fail to touch your heart. You would stop thinking about yourself and your loneliness and your isolation. You would dedicate your life to being a useful and helpful influence to them and forget your troubles in trying to mitigate their troubles. And that is what the best men of the negro race are doing, and by so doing they have gained a certain erectness and dignity of bearing which they had not before.

In the second place, you would find you had ideal access at least to all that was best and greatest in the world, to Plato and Socrates, to the philosopher on the Roman throne, to Jesus. But though the educated negro might

throw himself with passion into the work of redemption for his people, and might cultivate these ideal relationships with the great men of the earth, nevertheless he has to breathe the same atmosphere with the whites; he has to come into relations with them, and how shall he bear the estimate of himself which he reads in their eyes and notes in their words and in their gestures? One of the best of the colored people I have ever met—I will say one of the best human beings I have ever met—said to me not long ago, "You see, sir, I may be as much a gentleman as you please, and yet any inferior white man who comes along feels he is justified in saying to me, or implying by his manner, 'No matter how much of a gentleman you are, by virtue of the color of your skin you are nevertheless a dog.'" The case of such a man is that of the greatest spiritual distress, and only the highest spiritual ideals can serve him.

Now it is characteristic of the spiritual ideals that they are capable of application by the humblest, and in this respect are distinguished from the greatest intellectual and aesthetic conceptions. The greatest spiritual ideals are always capable of application even by the humblest, and only these will help him. He must learn not to see himself through others' eyes, but to see others through himself, through his own eyes. He must realize the fundamental truth that a man is what he sees; that he who does not see in another what Christianity calls "Christ" or what we should perhaps call "the divine, potential humanity" in that other, thereby publishes the fact that the humanity in himself is still shadowy and undeveloped; that he who does not see the shining angel hidden behind a dark skin, shows that the angel in himself is still unrealized beneath the white skin; that he who says to another, "No matter how much of a gentleman you are, you are still, because of your color, a dog," thereby proves that

he himself is still near to the brute level, and has not yet attained his true humanity,—for we are what we see in others. If you do not see the Christ in them, you are not Christ-like yourself; if you do not see the divine man in the other, you are not a true man yourself. And so, my black friend, you must look upon this white man who says, "No matter how much of a gentleman you are, you are still a dog,"—you must look upon him as morally inferior, no matter how superior he may be in the point of polish or learning or racial virility; in the essential thing, he is still inferior, undeveloped. You must look upon him as a man who is to be helped, as one that is blind and is to be made to see. You must look upon yourself as missionary to the white world, as a helper of these spiritually undeveloped white people. And this will not inculcate pride either, because the black man will say to himself,—as everyone of us in a like situation would say,—"And nevertheless it is my fault that he does not see the angel. If the angel were quite as shining and radiant as it should be, it would shine through my black skin, and even he, the benighted child of prejudice, could not fail to see it. I am not yet human enough. I must labor and toil to perfect myself, must make myself stronger, better, purer of the dross; must free myself, so that I may free also him, my own adversary and my hater."

This is the word which I would say to you, my colored friends, who are in this audience this morning; and this is the word I would say to everyone against whom there is discrimination; for few of us are there in this world against whom there is not some kind of discrimination. And this is the thought also that will give us the great patience, the patience that we need, until the time will come at last, slowly and gradually, but surely, when man in truth will call his fellow "brother;" when no one will hurt

another any more, nor woman another any more, because the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.

THE UNION OF THE HEBREW AND THE CHRISTIAN IDEALS IN THE ETHICAL CULTURE MOVEMENT.

An Easter Address.*

BY DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

I wish to speak to you this morning on a high and noble theme, the loftiest, I believe, that can engage the human spirit—that is our relation to the infinite life in which we feel all the strivings, the hopes, the trials and the triumphs of this brief life of ours chastened, related, completed. I wish to speak of our religion.

We are met here on this day the Christian Church is celebrating as the most glorious in all its calendar—the day of the promise of resurrection and a new and endless life. We are strangers, as it were, in the midst of the glad throng that are greeting each other with the comforting salutation, "Christ is risen!" Here is no atmosphere tense with the throb of millenial mystery and laden with the perfume of the symbolic lilies; no vested choir responding to the deep harmony of the pealing organ; no solemn ritual performed by surpliced priest; no breath of incense seeking the outer air through richly painted cathedral panes.

No! we are here, a plain, quiet little group this morning, to reason together of righteousness and judgment rather than to lose ourselves in the emotional worship of the hour; to seek a new light on our spiritual responsibilities and privileges from a calm survey of the growth

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of the soul of man through the centuries rather than from renewed meditation on a tradition of revealed religion. As we go from here we shall meet the many hundreds who have been worshipping before altars dedicated to a risen Messiah; and if we are tempted to be oppressed by the sense of something lost to us, or if we are tempted to be exultant in the consciousness of deliverance from superstition, we are in either case equally far distant from the realization of that firm yet humble confidence of ethical ideal which is born of a sympathetic reflection on the history of man's spiritual development adown the ages.

From vain regret for the faith of the multitude as well as from vain pride in the faith of our own enlightenment, we are preserved by that solemn corrective of the witness of history which is our chief mentor and guide in things spiritual. We shall see, if we read the spiritual history of mankind at almost every epoch, that truth has dwelt with the few and error with the many:

> "Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—
> They were souls that stood alone,
> While the men they agonized for
> Hurled the contumelious stone."

The heresy for which the martyrs of one generation suffered has become the orthodoxy of their childrens' children. The world's great spiritual heroes have all been men who *attained* a higher view of truth than the standard *maintained* by the ecclesiastical powers of their day—and were hated by the multitude. From Abraham down, they were men who got them up out of their country at the imperative call of the divinity within; from Jeremiah and the Buddha to the man who this day is struggling in his closet between the claims of conscience and confessional, they have been called to

sacrifice the unityof the sacred institution of their fellows to the power of an agonized conviction. Fear not to stand alone; fear not to fight the battle for spiritual peace against all that men have called most sacred; fear not to lay cheerfully on the altar of your new faith every form and creed outworn. The timid speak to us of danger, the anchored warn us of drifting, the conservative deplore change or development—but there is only one danger that the free soul fears, and that is that he may fail in insight to grasp and courage to proclaim the truth which he wins in earnest conflict for the mastery of his own divine spirit.

The sense of apartness, then, should not overwhelm us, nay, not in the slightest disturb us. What if we have a faith or a philosophy of life which differs *toto coelo* from that of the throngs we meet to-day, can that disturb us provided that faith or philosophy be honestly won? And how many, perchance, of that same throng have joined the throng because they won their faith through such a struggle?

But, on the other hand, we should be equally removed from the attitude of conscious superiority to the worshipping throng. No institution, no form of social function is called into existence or maintained in its existence except in response to some imperative need of society. If in our best judgment society has got beyond the need of any such institution, we shall, of course, unless we are hypocrites or cowards, exert our influence, such as it is, for the ultimate extinction of that institution—but not through the medium of bitter attack or scornful denunciation, as the manner of some is. We shall obey the method of evolution, selecting the viable and enduring features of that institution (and such may be always found), leaving the rest like a withered stem

or a shriveled tegumen to die of its own want of spiritual sap.

In other words, if I apprehend the ideal of the Ethical Movement at all correctly, Ethical Culture is not a creed but a method—a method of envisaging history, and of shaping convictions and conduct in the light of that vision. It fearlessly applies the evolutionary theory to religious history, and seeks to distinguish in our manifold forms of spiritual expression of to-day what is vital and progressive, what is big with the spiritual promise of the future, and what, on the other hand, is survivalism, arrested development, retrogressive, decadent. It does not scorn faith. It only demands that the principles or tenets to which it lends its faith shall be sifted by the utmost refinement of judgment and supported by the deepest conviction of the moral nature. It does not flout hope. It only refuses to pin its hope on any fortuitous piece of history which is supported by evidence questionable alike before the bar of private judgment and of historical criticism. It does not either "accept" or "reject" Bibles and doctrines. It examines them, and proves to the best of its ability what is good. It hates the vulgar, popular dilemmas with which the evangelist is so apt to confront men: The Bible is either written by God or else a hoax; Jesus was either Divinity or a deceiver. It knows that these ready-made formulæ are only invitations to men to surrender their judgment and blindly follow a self-constituted priestly authority, let it call itself by whatever name it will. It realizes that before our eyes are spread the records of the past, which it is our solemn duty to search earnestly and judge calmly, patiently waiting where we have not had time to search and to judge until in the fitting season that opportunity shall come. Ours are

the words of the world's sages and the deeds of the world's saviors. For us have all the generations of thinkers toiled at the problems of the universe; for us have all the poets sung of life's joys and pains; for us have empires risen and fallen; for us "the gains of science and the gifts of art" have been conceived; for us the faiths and hopes of men have been fought out.

In the soberly inspiring confidence in our priceless heritage we should scan the past and estimate its elements of permanence, quietly and respectfully leaving to one side the elements of impermanence and accident. Plato tells in his "Republic" of how the poets or the mythmakers should be removed from his ideal society in the interest of pure truth. "We shall crown them with garlands, and lead them to the city gates in honor, and bid them depart in peace." So shall we, as we purge our intellectual life of the myths of inherited dogma, with patient magnanimity and due appreciation of their service in the past, bid them farewell. If they are still divine truth to hundreds, to thousands, to millions, that need not disturb us any more than it need disturb us to realize that there are still millions in Russia who have not learned to govern their own political life, and millions in Manchuria who have not learned to utilize the iron and gold beneath the surface of their soil. In our social relations it is death to attempt to live to ourselves alone; we have our realization there only in our reaction upon our fellows, by giving and taking. But our intellectual convictions must be won in solitary thought-wrestle with the bewildering mass of systems, dogmas, theories, discoveries, opinions into which we find ourselves born when we reach the critical point in life where we begin to think for ourselves. Here we must be brave, firm while docile, thorough while

open-minded. I can imagine no finer motto for the soul that enters upon this inevitable struggle for a world-view, than the reply of Count Tolstoy to the Holy Synod of Russia which convicted him of heresy:

"Whether my beliefs offend or grieve or are a cause of stumbling, whether they are in the way of anything or of anyone, I can change them as little as I can my flesh. I have to live by myself, and by myself I must die—and very soon—and I cannot therefore believe in any other way than as I do believe, while preparing to return to that God from whom I came."

Let us review, then, in this spirit of docile responsibility and firm intellectual piety, the course of that religion which has most deeply influenced the development of civilization from the days of the Hebrew patriarchs to the present. I say "that religion" for, in spite of the wide divergence of modern Christianity and modern Judaism, they are both genetically one—of the same root and stock, with an unbroken historical evolution extending through thirty centuries.

We see a small group of Semitic tribes on the border of Palestine, united in the common worship of their tribal God—primarily, of course, a god of war—Jahveh, the Thunderer. As the people of the Hebrews developed a more conscious national unity under such leaders as Moses and Joshua, Saul and David, they endowed their God with that exclusive and jealous character which was the reflex of their own history of self-preservation in the encircling throng of Canaanitish enemies. But when victory made their position in Canaan secure, the Hebrews began to relax the strictness of their exclusive worship of Jahveh, and to dally with the picturesque gods of their neighbors. Then came the Hebrew prophets, whose power in history can hardly be overestimated. They called the nation back

to the God who led them up out of Egyptian bondage; they declared that this God was altogether righteous, and that the people who should have the protection of his power must be themselves altogether righteous; they rescued the ideal of social justice and national righteousness out of the turmoil of petty politics and wild infidelity in which Israel had become entangled—as a man rescues a precious jewel out of a rubbish heap—and set it on high to be a beacon light for the nations of the world to all time.

In captivity in a foreign land, in bondage in the homeland, and finally in dispersion over the lands of all the earth, the Jews have never lost the priceless heritage of the religion of the Prophets—an ethical monotheism. But extraneous influences like the mythology of the East and the scholasticon of the West have worked to obscure this fundamental truth of the Hebrew religion, while particularism from within and persecution from without have undermined the faith of the people in the universality of their mission and their message.

That faith in the ideal of righteousness outlasting the earth itself it is our duty and privilege, as heirs of the Hebrew Prophets, to preach. The accidental, the local, the temporal features of the religion we may let drop. Its ritual, formulæ and feasts we need not observe. The spirit underlying these ceremonies, however—the pledge of a people to righteousness above prosperity, nay, above existence even—still moves mightily to refresh our modern civilization, with all its temptation to fraud and violence. Our duty to the Hebrew religion is done, then, when we seize this spirit, and not only seize it, but by seizing it are transformed, after Goethe's profound words, into its likeness. For unless we are moved by the same passion for corporate righteousness as the

prophets of old, unless we too are able by faith to see the beauty of holiness in the midst of the discordant ugliness of evil, unless we too rejoice in the vision of a national redemption, spread above our arks and temples like the Shekinah of Jehovah—then, we may pray or fast as we will, we have no part in the glory of the Hebrew Prophets.

As the Prophets labored for a corporate, a national righteousness, so did Jesus of Nazareth, who was in a sense the greatest of the Hebrew Prophets, who continued and established their work, labor for the righteousness and peace of the individual soul. Only Jesus infinitely ennobled and hallowed the conception of righteousness which he found prevalent in his day, by making the principle of love primary in his teaching. The symbol in which this magnificent truth was revealed to him, and in which he revealed it to the world, was that of the unity of father and son. The great Jehovah sitting between the Cherubim, the mighty creator in whose hands are the ends of the earth, and who weighs the dust of the earth as in a balance—these were not his symbols of the divine presence. For him the power at the helm of this universe was a loving Father. Every deed, every motive in him was traceable at length to the power of a compelling love—love for the great infinite enveloping Lover, the ideal Father, and love for the whole human race, his brothers. Everything that we to-day recognize as finally and unqualifiedly noble is comprised in that program of Jesus—character (love for the ideal Father) and service (love for the actual brethren). Character and service, I say, are the final, the persuading, the compelling traits of humanity. We do not bow before mere erudition unless we are shallow pedants, nor before mere wealth unless we are miserable sycophants, nor

before mere beauty unless we are pampered sybarites, nor before mere power unless we are ourselves machines or tyrants—but we do bow to the ground before the unselfish, noble deed of any human soul, be it that of the millionaire in his palace or the washerwoman in her attic. We feel instinctively that it is largely or wholly by accident of inheritance, endowment or environment, that one is rich, learned or influential—but it is no accident that one is upright in soul and unselfish of heart. Every conscious being on this globe is tempted, and sorely tempted, too, to be mean, petty, selfish, hard, untruthful, grasping, vain and jealous. Some undoubtedly are tempted worse than others, but all are tempted. It is idle to talk of people's finding it easy to be good and noble—the best and noblest will tell you what a struggle it is. And it is the victory in that struggle which we reverence as the finest thing on earth, because we know what it has cost.

Jesus of Nazareth won such a victory in this struggle. Word and deed fell so perfectly accordant in his character, the poorer self of possessions and position was so completely lost in the richer self of service, that men were won, slowly at first, then more and more rapidly, to call themselves by his name and adopt his program as their religion. As the company of Christians grew into large churches—chiefly through the missionary activity of St. Paul—organization more and more elaborate became necessary. The only form of organization that the civilized world knew in the first centuries of our era was the tyranny of the Roman Empire. Therefore the Church in the first three centuries became Roman and Imperial. It developed an imposing ceremonial service to meet the dignity of its grand officers; it elaborated a highly metaphysical system of doctrine

to combat the Neoplatonic philosophy of the Empire. It resorted to cruel persecution to enforce its doctrine on the lands of Europe throughout the long centuries of the Middle Ages.

I shall not attempt to trace in detail the development of the Christian Church, to recount its triumphs or to deplore its sins. I wish only to impress the fact that no sooner had the truth of the final beauty of love, realizing itself in character and service, been commended to the world with irresistible persuasion in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, than there began to steal into the company of Christians the influence of the Jewish rabbi, the Greek philosopher and the Roman tyrant, to plague and vex the simple creed of love. Those influences are still potent in the Christian Church; while at the same time the primal power of love, the simple creed of character and service, has never been wholly lost out of the Christian Church, even in the periods of lowest debasement.

It is our duty as moral agents, here again as in the case of the older form of the religion of ethical monotheism, to separate the wheat from the chaff, to preserve the elemental, dynamic religious inspiration, and so emphasize it in our words and in our lives as to let the accidental fall away and wither from our own spiritual consciousness as a dead bough falls from the living tree. The way of protest, rebellion, pugnacity, sarcasm, is not the best way to correct the spiritual backwardness of the world. We cannot accomplish reformation by force. Here as everywhere in life we must, to get the maximum of power, adopt nature's way. She conquers disease by multiplying fresh tissues, she everywhere crowds out death by abundance of life. If you attack the sore spot on your finger and try to pick it out

or off, you only increase the sore and the pain, and if you keep at it steadily enough, as children sometimes do, you may have the sore spot spread to cover a large surface. Let it alone. Nourish good red blood in your veins by proper food, sleep and care, and nature will soon make the sore shrivel to a scab and fall away. So if you keep nagging at a man's dogmatism you will only establish it the firmer. Show him that life is saner, happier, no less solemn, no more painful without the dogma than with it, and your case is won. In the long run men will have to come to what is sane and ethical. People don't want to believe that their friends and relatives are suffering in hell for not holding a certain creed; they don't want to think that there is one sort of truth about the universe discovered by the scientist and another revealed to the theologian. It is only the long domination of the Roman idea of authority, imperial authority, that has kept the world as orthodox as it is to-day. The religion of democracy is Ethical Culture, and it will come as surely as emancipation from imperial authority in government, in the industries, in science, in short in every field of human thought and activity, shall come.

This, I take it, is our Easter hope, not one whit less glorious than the hope of the Christian Church. We too believe in resurrection—not a resurrection of these bones and this flesh, not a resurrection fom the sepulchre of Judea, but a resurrection of the dead ideals and the buried loves of men, a resurrection of the human spirit from the sepulchres of selfishness and the tombs of tradition. We too believe in life swallowing death—not the life of the insipid heaven of the saints, but a life of a robust fellowship of effort for the realiza-

venture to think that there is less invitation to tenderness and warmth of soul in the orthodoxy of Calvin than in the heterodoxy of Emerson.

It is said again that we are a self-satisfied people. Well, unfortunately there are self-satisfied persons in every society, church, or brotherhood, and I presume that there are some self-satisfied persons in the Ethical Society. But that the ideal of the Ethical Society encourages self-satisfaction is a statement diametrically opposed to the truth. It is exactly the opposite of self-satisfaction that the method of spiritual evolution stands for. It is unceasing effort for self-betterment, untiring labor for self-development. It knows no static heaven of bliss, to be attained by a single act of submission to authority. It works out its own salvation—if not in "fear and in trembling," at least in reverence and humility. It preaches the doctrine of an eternal becoming, of a change from glory to glory—and herein it is in harmony with the loftiest thought of Isaiah, Jeremiah, St. Paul, and Jesus.

I have heard men and women say that the Ethical Ideal is not inspiring. Not inspiration enough in the thought of being heir to the spiritual treasures of humanity! Not inspiration enough in the realization of the possibility of bearing the torch of progress even for our little step in the great march of the milleniums! He must be a small souled man who needs more inspiration than this, or asks better employ than this! No myth of eastern imagination can adorn the significance of our life beyond the simple truth, that, come what may beyond the grave, we are linked here and now with the past and future by the golden chains of reverent appreciation and ennobling responsibility.

"The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts at best of now and then;
The more we feel the high stern featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty!
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely, and unwasted days."

But the most cruel and perhaps the most common misunderstanding of the Ethical Ideal is that it somehow sacrifices the sacredness of life which the religion of our fathers inculcated. But what is sacred, my friends? Is an altar sacred, or a book, or a ceremony? Is anything sacred besides the aspiration of the soul for the attainment of its high ideal, and the outpouring of the heart in love and service of its fellows? No, it is just because life *is* so sacred a thing, so vast in its responsibilities, so capable of the divine, that we refuse to obscure the issues of the moral struggle by the introduction or perpetuation of irrelevant forms and embarrassing dogmas!

We are not a shallow people of petty protest and vain denunciation. We too have stood beneath the uncurtained stars, and have felt our hearts beat faster in the surge of those primal emotions which moved the lonely watcher on the Chaldean plains ten thousand years ago. We too have stood face to face with the mystery of destiny, and then the creeds of Christendom have explained so little or explained so meanly! Once for all we have exchanged the precarious certitude of old dogmas for calm, reasoned, open-minded agnosticism touching the life that shall be after death or the existence of heavenly powers beyond our ken. But for

myself, I testify that if I thought there was a single noble trait of character, a single passionate hope, a single stimulus to works of peace and love, that did not have its field or its fulfilment in the religion of pure Ethics, I should say: Let this movement perish, for it cumbereth the ground!

But it will not perish. Under whatever name, under whatever leaders, the religion of pure Ethics will some day be the religion of mankind!

PARSIFAL AND THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.*

By Percival Chubb.

I.

Recurring continually in the art and legend of the past are certain simple allegories upon which the imagination of the race has fastened as the most expressive interpretations of our human lot; simple parables of life embodying the poetry of human creed and faith. Among these persistent parables are a group which have close kinship with one another. Thus, one prefigures life as a mission or task, such as that of Hercules, Perseus, St. George—a call to lay low some monster of evil or to right some devastating wrong. Another symbolizes life as a perilous voyage, such as that of much-enduring Ulysses; or a journey like Dante's, now in the dark valley of human sin and abasement, and now on the shining heights of bliss and vision; or as a pilgrimage to some far-off city, such as that told of by Bunyan. Finally, there is the conception of life as a quest or a search for some marvelous elixir or fountain of perpetual youth or for some talisman or treasure of magical potency: such is the quest of him who woke the sleeping beauty from her hundred years of trance, of Jason and his Argonauts for the Golden Fleece, or of the Fellowship of the Round Table for the Holy Grail.

Of all these, none touches so near to the quick of our life as does the mediæval legend of the Quest of the Holy Grail. The tale is so steeped in religious sentiment, and is so rich in suggestive symbolism and imagi-

*A combination of two lectures; one given before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, and the other before the East Side Ethical Society.

native color, that it makes instant appeal to us. It is through Tennyson's version of the story in his "Idylls of the King" that the legend is best known to most of us, doubtless. It renewed its new spell upon us not long since through Mr. Abbey's decorative renderings in the Boston Library; and with the recent presentation of Wagner's "Parsifal," it has been still more impressively brought before us as a most significant and moving interpretation of life.

The world into which it takes us seems in its outward forms very remote from our own. It is a world of jousting knights and the fair ladies whom they serve; now gathered in high fellowship about the Table Round, or at the lists where Christian and Paynim clash in mortal affray. Or it is in the savage solitude of the forest that we follow the gleaming figure of a questing knight as he hastens to the deliverance of some wronged sufferer or some beleaguered castle; or we behold him at prayer in some still hermitage; or beset amid the splendors of some castle by the allurements of beauty. But dominating all the scenery of the imagination are the battlements of the sacred castle of Montsalvat, where the Holy Grail is in keeping. The trumpets sound from the towers; music swells from within, the odor of incense breathes around; and as a dove descends from the sky, the beams of the Holy Grail fill all the air with splendor.

This outer world is not ours, I say; but the drama of the spirit which it reveals has all the familiar marks of our own inner world. Lear of Britain, Macbeth of Scotland, Hamlet of Denmark, are not more truly bone of our bone, flesh of our common humanity, than are these brave bleeding knights beset by visions which send them riding through the dark passes of the world. The Grail is for us, as with that noble knighthood, the

haunting symbol of man's highest ideal, to be sought to the utmost of effort and sacrifice, to be seen fully only by the pure of heart. The trials and tribulations of the search, the pitfalls and the temptations and discouragements, the waverings and travailings of spirit—all these wait to-day also upon all those who love much and dare much.

The story is one of ancient ancestry. Its rude beginnings are lost in the mists of primitive myth and legend. Its more immediate parentage was Celtic. It was a part of that wonderful body of Celtic story which, reaching Europe from Wales and Ireland by way of Celtic Brittany, swept before it the old epic themes—the tales of Troy, of Alexander, of Charlemagne—and fascinated all men by its new, strange charm, its fresh types of chivalric heroism, its more refined knightliness, its purer and nobler womanhood, and its deep feeling for nature and beauty. Men were led captive by these knights that were so valiant and yet so gracious, by Percivale and Gawain, Launcelot and Arthur, Guinevere and Enid, by Mage Merlin and the bards of Celtdom. This new world opened to the eyes of the Chivalry of Europe just at a time—the beginning of the twelfth century—when they were attuned to it by the spirit of pious adventure which was fostered by the Crusades. Here was the story of a quest undertaken with a religious zeal and consecration akin to that which had set knights, and princes, and kings marching across Europe to free the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to gain relics and talismans from that Orient land of magic and mystery.

In all its chief motives, its setting and its machinery, the story is purely pagan; and the history of its development and Christianization repeats a familiar phenomenon. Like the pagan deities and symbols and the pagan

festivals and rites, these legends were skillfully transmuted by monk and priest to Christian uses, to commend and to enforce the teachings and influence of the Church. Such always was the tactful method of the Church. Not extirpation, but the adaptation of things held dear to pagan hearts by the alchemy of the new faith. In such wise did the Church blazon its cross upon the shield of European knighthood. Thus did the Church succeed in penetrating the rude Germanic warrior with religious awe and devotion; converting, for example, the rude ceremony of arming the young warrior in the presence of his elders to that solemn religious function at which, on receiving the accolade from his father, the young noble was sacramentally dedicated to his knightly vocation by the Church.

Before this process of transmutation had taken place with the legend of the Grail, we have, as the main ingredients of the story, a magic grail, that is, either a basin or dish, the pagan symbol of plenty, or some talisman (a great jewel sometimes) possessing the wonderful power of feeding and sustaining the hero who gained it, and other multitudes through him. Also, we have a sacred medicinal cup, and a lance or sword, which, like the sword of Siegfried, is mighty against its enemies. We have, too, as heroic figure, one which is common to the folk-lore of many countries—the great fool or simpleton, the rustic lout and child of nature, the bungling, slow-growing, yet great-natured youth who, setting forth to avenge a father's death and restore a mother's inheritance, succeeds in doing so after manifold adventures and trials by dint of one or more of these talismans. Such are the simplest elements of the story.

Here, surely, was material to tempt the transforming hand of the monkish story-teller. The pagan grail easily becomes the dish used at the Last Supper of Christ

with his disciples; the cup, the chalice out of which they drank on that occasion, and was afterwards used to catch the blood which flowed from his side on the cross; while the spear becomes that which was used by the Roman centurion to pierce the side of the suffering one in that last scene on Calvary. The fool lent himself to a similar transformation. His foolishness becomes the saving simplicity of the child, of whom the great Nazarene himself declared that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and that one must "become again as a little child" to enter that kingdom. It was very slowly that this transmutation and adaptation of the old legend took place, and Wagner's "Parsifal" is itself evidence both of the fact that it is still in progress, and of the freedom with which the elements have been combined and modified.

I propose to deal freely with one of the most striking facts in connection with this transformation. When so many inviting avenues to great issues open up to the student, it is difficult to narrow the range of one's investigation; but for us it is the large ethical implications which signify most. There can be no better way of bringing out these salient features of the story than by a comparison of the two contrasting interpretations of it which we find. For the earliest and the later versions yield us two distinct types of the story: one celebrates ideal knighthood of a genuinely human kind, and the other the knighthood of the ecclesiastical or monkish type; one the human, and the other the ascetic pattern of knighthood. Gradually the second type gains greater and greater ascendency, until it eclipses the other earlier type almost entirely.

The knightly or chivalric type receives its most beautiful and moving embodiment in the first two notable presentations of the story, written towards the close of

the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. One is that of the French poet Chrêtien, or, as we should say, Christian of Troyes, and the other that of the great German poet Wolfram of Eschenbach. After them, the story was retold many times in prose and verse, and as a whole approximated more and more to the purely ascetic type. This difference may be apprehended at the outset by saying that the original hero of the quest disappears, and that Galahad is substituted for him: the virgin knight, the celibate and ascetic, who embodies to the utmost the principle of abnegation, has been substituted for the knight of normal human relationships, for the loving and beloved son, the devoted and faithful husband and father, the loyal brother and friend and knight. I propose to take the story much as it is told by Wolfram, to whom Wagner himself was chiefly indebted, and then to compare with it Wagner's reading, so as to bring out the gains and the losses of this transmutation of the frankly, aye, the passionately, human to the ascetic and mystic ideal.

II.

The Parzival of Wolfram is the son of a great King and crusading warrior who has been killed in battle. The mother, wishing to preserve her little orphaned child from a similar fate, flies with him to a forest home, where, in seclusion, the boy grows up without any knowledge of men or arms, and without knowledge, too, of his high lineage. He is a veritable child of nature, who roams the precincts of his home with his bow and arrow, and grows to a sturdy and beautiful boyhood, ignorant of the ordinary conventionalities and manners of the world. One day, as he loiters about the woods, listening rapt to the song of the birds, some knights

pass by, who, because of their radiant armor, the boy supposes to be the angels of whom his mother has told him. He is spellbound, but soon plies one of the knights with innumerable questions as to who he and his fellows are. The sleeping, ancestral, warrior-nature in him is awakened, and, in an ecstasy, he resolves to follow the knights to King Arthur's Court, and so informs his alarmed and heart-broken mother. Hoping to bring down a discouraging ridicule on him, she dresses him up as a motley fool and puts him on a broken-down horse. No matter. He follows the knights, and finally arrives at Arthur's Court. Here he occasions a good deal of merriment. He begs to be allowed to strip the armor from a knight he has met, and Arthur almost playfully consenting, he goes forth to what all suppose will be his destruction; but he kills the knight with his javelin, and in the armor so obtained rides off to win his spurs and to get even with those who had made fun of him.

By good fortune, he first of all turns up at the castle of an aged knight, Gurnemanz, who, beneath the lad's raw ways, perceives his high quality and prowess,—"this lad with the face of an angel, and the speech as of one distraught,"—and offers to instruct him in knightly ways and accomplishments. He finds an apt and gifted pupil; and when the youth takes his leave, Gurnemanz gives him much wise counsel. Especially does he warn the impetuous, garrulous lad that he must be less of an inquisitive chatterbox, and that he must not be perpetually quoting his mother. "Nor be thou so swift to question;" upon that the old knight lays peculiar emphasis.

The counsels constitute a knightly code of conduct of great interest; the true knight, it says, among other things, must pity the poor and needy, and be helpful to those in distress; he must be brave yet humble, and merciful to

spare a conquered foe; he must hold women in high honor, and the marriage bond as sacred and binding,—husband and wife being "as twin blossoms from one root springing, e'en so shall they bloom and grow."

Now Gurnemanz had a beautiful daughter whom Parzival blushes to meet and to give the kiss of knightly courtesy. Gurnemanz would fain see the pair married, but Parzival excuses himself, and would first qualify himself by knightly deed. Yet love's flame has unawares been lit in his breast, and so we are not unprepared for the issue of his next adventure—his rescue of a beleaguered city which a great king, dying, had bequeathed to his daughter, the most beautiful of women, Kondwiramur. He frees the city of its foe, is loved of the young queen and loves again. With little delay they are married, and live in perfect happiness. It must be remarked that his behavior throughout his courtship of Kondwiramur still shows the bungling simpleton. He very literally follows Gurnemanz's counsel to ask no questions. His lips are awkwardly sealed in his wooing of the maid, and the situation is only saved by her bright womanly management. By and by he longs both to see how his mother fares, and to perform other knightly deeds in the service of his lady; and so he leaves Kondwiramur and rides forth once more on knightly errand.

And now comes the turning point in his history. He has served his apprenticeship; he is now to be tried in a strange fashion; not as to his valor on the field, but as to his human quality and sympathy. We must beware of reading too much into this old story; but it is as if the hero were now to be tested as to whether he is a knight of the spirit as of the sword—a deliverer of imprisoned souls. By chance he meets with Anfortas, the Fisher King, and keeper of the Grail. This is he who, yielding to temptation, was wounded in combat by a poisoned

lance, and whose wound will not heal until the good knight comes who shall pityingly ask concerning the Grail King's sufferings. Parzival accompanies Anfortas to the Grail castle, where he is welcomed as the possible bearer of good fortune; that is, as the good knight who, according to the prophecy, is to break the spell upon the wounded king and the castle. He is present at the solemn feast in the great hall. Strange, perplexing sights pass before his eyes. He sees a squire carrying a lance down which the blood runs into the squire's sleeve, while dolorous sounds of sobbing and wailing fill the hall. Parzival stands amazed; but, remembering the counsel of the wise Gurnemanz, he forbears to ask any questions concerning what he sees. Then through the hall passes a band of noble maidens, richly clad, bearing four golden candlesticks and tall tapers, silver salvers upon which are two keen-edged knives, and, on a wonderful dish of jacinth, the precious Grail-stone whose effulgence floods the hall. Fed by the magic agency of the Grail, the four hundred knights about the hall partake of the supper. As he continues in his mute wonder, there comes to him a knight bearing a ruby-hilted sword, which he presents to Parzival, who receives it in silence. So to the end he refrains from speech, and thus fails to put the question which would liberate the Grail King from his misery. Parzival retires for a good night's rest, and wakes in the morning to find the castle silent as if deserted. As he passes out a squire mocks him, and the great drawbridge of the castle is raised irrevocably behind him.

So his great opportunity has come and gone. He has been tried and found wanting; he has failed in the sympathy and interest which should have prompted him to inquire as to the meaning of all that he has seen; above all, as to the suffering of the Grail King. Of this he soon becomes aware when he meets a young woman who,

knowing of his failure, upbraids him and stirs in him the first pangs of remorse.

Sadly now does he ride on into the mid-forest. He performs many a valiant deed, and sends one conquered knight after another to King Arthur's Court. This arouses King Arthur's interest and curiosity, and he sets forth with his knights to find the hero of all these exploits. After a while King Arthur's party come upon Parzival in this manner: He has been riding through the forest on a winter's day. Snow covers the ground. A fallen tree in his path causes him to dismount; and as he looks at the tree, he sees, nestling among its boughs, a flock of wild geese. Suddenly a falcon swoops down and wounds one, and from it three blood-drops fall on the snow:

Three blood-drops, all glowing crimson, and fell on the spotless snow:
As Parzival's eyes beheld them, swift sorrow his heart must know.
Now hear ye his love so loyal. As he looked on those blood-drops bright
That stained with the stain of crimson the snow flakes that lay so white,
He thought,—say, what hand hath painted these colors that here I see?
Kondwiramur, I think well, these tints they shall liken thee!
For in this wise I read the vision,—in the snow that so spotless lies,
'Gainst the blood-drops that, ruddy-gleaming, grow crimson beneath mine eyes
I find ever thy face so gracious, my lady, Kondwiramur,
Red as blood-drops and white as the snow-drift, it rejoiceth me evermore!
Then her sweet face arose before him . . .
And so true was his love and steadfast, little recked he of aught around,
But wrapped round in love and longing, saw naught but the blood-stained ground
Frau Minne with force constrained him, as here on his wife he thought,
And by magic of colors mystic, a spell on his senses wrought.

So does Love,—Frau Minne,—exercise her mystic power on Parzival, having "bereft him of knowledge and wrought with him as a fool." An incident, surely, that is not only beautiful, but highly significant. Romance! Is this romance?—this love-lorn knight wrought to a trance by thinking, not on the last fair face he had seen, but on his wife, forsooth! Romance! yes, of the most exquisite and unaccustomed kind. After the welter of unlawful and guilty love which is too often the stock-in-trade of the knightly tale, how pure and clear rises this star of marital affection, this innocent, steadfast, wedded love of the knight who elsewhere declares "If God as his knight shall claim me, then they are elect with me,—my wife and child."

It is in this reverie that Parzival is found by King Arthur's knights, by one of whom he is led into the King's presence. He is received with high honor at Arthur's camp; but while he is there, suddenly upon the scene appears a strange woman of hideous aspect, a "loathly damsel," one Kondrie, a sorceress, who is a magic-aided messenger of the Grail. She upraids Parzival for his recent failure in the Grail castle and blames Arthur for harboring such a traitor. Parzival is filled with wrath and despair, and rides forth again into the forest.

He is now a sad pilgrim in the valley of dejection and abasement, and is filled with doubt and despair. Perplexed by the seeming hardship and injustice of his lot, he has to win his way through darkness to light. He forgets God, he enters no Church, he loses count of the days of his wandering. At last, on a Good-Friday morn, he meets a knight and his family returning from penance, and is reproached for bearing arms at holy-tide. The knight advises him to go to a good hermit near at hand to confess and receive absolution. He does so. He pours out his heart to the hermit, telling of his wrath against

God who has forsaken him, of his sorrow and longing for his wife, and of his search for the Grail. The hermit unfolds to him the mysteries of the Grail, the bleeding lance, the knives of silver, the sword, and so on, and tells him the story of the wound of Anfortas and of the race of the Grail Kings. Parzival confesses his disgraceful failure at the Grail castle; the hermit gives him comfort and absolution, and he departs renewed in spirit.

The story tells of many subsequent adventures. For five years has Parzival been riding abroad, and still is his heart rent between his longing to return to his wife and his desire to retrieve his disgrace at the Grail castle. At length we find him once again in triumph at King Arthur's court at a wondrous feast of the Round Table. The days of his trials and his wanderings near their end. For lo! at the feast a maiden approaches. She is sumptuously clad in a mantel of black velvet shot through with gold and broidered with turtle doves,—the sign of the Grail; but her face is shrouded. She turns to Parzival, and with courteous mien falls low at his feet. Then she unveils. It is Kondrie. She bids him rejoice, for the crown of all earthly blessings is to be his. Read is the mystic writing of the Grail, and it hails him as deliverer and King. She bids him set forth to fulfill his mission, and then to bring with him to the Grail kingdom his patient, waiting wife and their child, Lohengrin. So weeping tears of joy, his departure saddening all the knighthood of the Table Round, he sets out with one knight for the Grail castle.

Splendid is the welcome which the guardians of the Grail, the Templars, give him on his arrival; and tender and anxious the greeting of the wounded Anfortas. Three times he bows in the name of the Trinity, and three times he prays that the sorrow of Anfortas may be ended. Then standing upright, he turns to the aged king and puts the

liberating question "What aileth thee mine uncle?"—not the impersonal question of some of the legends—"Whom serve they with the Grail?"—but a personal question touched with genuine human sympathy. Anfortas is healed, and is transfigured with a radiant beauty that flows forth from his bitter woe. Parzival is hailed King of the Grail, and starts at once to rejoin and to bring back the waiting Kondwiramur, who has been a loyal fellow-sufferer with him through all these years of absence. They return to live there with their child a life of supreme happiness and service, and call back the Golden Age.

In this story we must note, as the most significant feature, that the Grail is a precious stone, and not a dish; that neither the lance nor any other object has yet been converted into a Christian symbol; and that there is no suggestion of the Grail feast as the Last Supper of Christ with his disciples, nor any adumbration of the idea of the Atonement in connection with the redemption of Anfortas. All these secondary meanings are worked out by the monkish story-tellers, who carry the process of transmutation to its utmost possibility. A glance at one of these versions, "The High History of the Holy Grail," reveals the intent and the spirit of them all. The narrator writes on his knees, as it were, and with each new section or chapter of his story, invokes blessing from above. He is using the story to educate the chivalry of Europe in Christian piety and doctrine. The additions here and in other versions of the same type are numerous; such as the good knight's descent from Joseph of Arimathea, the history of the bringing of the Grail across seas to England.

But the most important of all the changes that take place is the substitution for Parzival or Percival of Galahad, Lancelot's son, whom we know as the hero of the quest in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King,"—Tennyson fol-

lowing the ascetic type of the story. This Galahad is the virgin knight, and is pure, not through his triumph over temptation and trial, but by ascetic withdrawal and self-abnegation. He is a pale monk in armor, a mystic knight of the spirit, brought up in retirement by nuns, and by them set apart for his holy mission. He alone is blessed by the full vision of the Grail, although Percival and Bors share partly in the blessing. As Tennyson presents the story, he and the Grail become disrupting forces in Arthur's kingdom, representing the irreconcilible conflict between the real and the ideal. No one can deny the elements of mystic beauty, the dim colored radiance, the censered fragrance of chancel and shrine, which render attractive this figure of the virgin knight; but we move farther and farther away from the human world into the realm of shadow and dream.

III.

If we now pass from Wolfram's story to Wagner's adaptation of it in his "Parsifal," what do we find? *A Buddhist sermon on a Christian text;*— nay, more,—a Buddhist sermon in a Christian cathedral with all the pomp and ceremony, the chant and liturgy, aye, even the very Eucharist of the Christian Church. Wagner has chosen the ascetic version of the story. He retains Parsifal as hero, although he is half transformed to a Galahad; and all his material is subdued to the enforcement of the Christian eschatology.

A strange phenomenon surely! Wagner, the non-Christian, the radical, piously uses the central ideas of the orthodox Christian faith, the conception of the Atonement, the Sacrament of the Last Supper, to preach his sermon of self-abnegation.

To understand this puzzling phenomenon, we must look t it in the light of certain facts. First, Wagner was

something of a convert,—an inconsistent and wavering convert,—to a certain type of Buddhism, to Buddhism read in the light of the philosophy of the great pessimist, Schopenhauer. This espousal of Buddhism meant conversion, in theory at least, to a simple and almost ascetic way of life, carrying with it a revolt against our common cruelty to animals in killing them for food,—a fact to be borne in mind in connection with the importance which he attaches in his drama to Parsifal's wanton killing of the swan. Secondly, we must remember that Wagner early in life had planned two music-dramas which cast his religious ideas in quite different forms. One of these was to deal in a frankly human way with Jesus of Nazareth, presenting him as a great preacher and healer, overflowing with love and pity; the other, which was to be called "The Victors," was to use the philosophy and mythology of ancient India to symbolize the victory of the soul over the senses, over Maya. These sketches he abandoned because the time was not ripe for so heterodox an enterprise.

If we recognize the affinities of ascetic Buddhism and ascetic Christianity, we shall easily understand why Wagner utilized the symbolism of what was to him a past phase of historic belief—just as he had used Teutonic myth and legend—to embody his idea of the victory of the spirit over the senses. He risked misunderstanding and confusion by using the language of what was to him an outworn faith, but to the majority of his contemporaries a living and literal dogma of Atonement, to convey a view of life which commended itself to him on purely human grounds. The view of life is false and futile—a nightmare thing that spread its gloomy shape over mediæval Europe in the early days of savage violence and warfare; and the manner of enforcing it, by giving new vitality to the discredited dogma of the Atonement, is deplorable. But Wagner's witchery—his marvelous music and impres-

sive spectacle—drugs the spirit; and we have no open-eyed perception of the fact that here is no evangel, no tonic, for the waiting world, but only a marvelous and fascinating interpretation of an outworn creed. The attitude required of us is one of imaginative retrospection; there is no inspiring outlook upon the present or future. It is a noteworthy fact indeed that Wagner, for all his high seriousness and exalted aims, has contributed no distinctive and helpful reading of life to aid the modern spirit, and has not impressed it with any message which has aroused and challenged it, as have the messages of Browning, Tolstoy, Ibsen, and others.

A rapid survey of the salient points of Wagner's story will at once bring into relief his departures from Wolfram's version, and serve to support the foregoing criticisms.

High in the mountains of Southern Spain, Titurel, descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, had built the glorious castle of Montsalvat, for the keeping of the Grail with its guardian knights and the sacred lance,—both distinctly identified with the cup of the Last Supper and the spear with which Christ's side was pierced. Many a knight sought to enter the noble order, to enjoy the magical protection and the blessings which the Grail brought. Among them was one who was impure of heart, Klingsor, who, after he had been turned away, resolved to be revenged; and so established himself as a sorcerer in a beautiful castle on the very confines of the Grail kingdom. There he called to his aid a company of the most beautiful of women to tempt the knighthood of the Grail; and among them one Kundry, over whom, however, he exercises only a partial control, for she is also a messenger of the Grail. Hers is a strange, dual nature, wherein good and evil are at strife, all the beauty and witchery of the world of sense being not quite able to extinguish the faint spark of duty.

Not a few knights fell; and at last King Amfortas, Titurel's son and successor, was caught in the toils. He yielded to the wiles of Kundry; and Klingsor, snatching the lance which he had weakly laid down, inflicts a wound in the side. The wound will not heal, but racks him with intolerable pain whenever he uncovers the Grail, as he is bound to do for the sustenance of his knighthood. One ray of hope lightens his misery. A message from heaven has declared that he may be delivered by a guileless fool enlightened by pity:—

"Wait for him—
The guileless fool,
My chosen tool."

Such is the situation at Parsifal's first coming to the Grail Kingdom. He enters a world where, as we see, the powers of good and evil are lined in battle array,—neighboring powers, the evil one vexing and harassing the good at the very gates of the sacred domain.

Tracking down a swan which he has shot in sport, Parsifal breaks into the precincts of the castle. There is something unusual about the wild, innocent youth; for, when reproached for his wickedness by Gurnemanz, he seems suddenly to realize his cruelty, and passionately breaking his bow and spear, casts them away. Gurnemanz having heard from Kundry the strange story of the lad's life, wonders whether he may not be the prophesied one; and so he takes Parsifal to the castle, where he beholds the solemn ceremony of the unveiling of the Grail. But he only gazes with rustic wonder. He is a disappointment, and is dismissed unceremoniously from the castle.

The second act discloses Klingsor's enchanting domain, and the magician preparing for the coming of Parsifal, whom he sees approaching. Parsifal is now a man, who meantime has been made wise by experience and by a

realization of his failure at the Grail castle; and, covered with shame by reason of that failure, has resolved to make some amends by trying to recover the sacred spear from Klingsor.

Parsifal storms the castle successfully, and then is subjected to the temptation which Klingsor has devised. The seductive flower-maidens use all their blandishments upon him in vain; so that at last Kundry is summoned for the supreme effort,—Kundry the surpassing vision of loveliness accursed,—a Lilith, a Herodias; a very Venus and Helen in one.

She realizes that only by sublest artifice can he be overcome, and resorts to a daring device. She calls him by name in the soft tones of his own mother's voice, and revives in him the tender memories of his mother's loving care for him, her embraces and kisses, her broken heart and pining death; hoping that by stirring his sense of the loss of love from his life, and the vacancy at his heart, a path may open for her carnal substitute. He is deeply agitated; and his whole being is for the moment a scene of desperate struggle between the higher and the lower powers. But when, presuming further, Kundry presses upon his lips a long kiss, the effect is the very opposite of what she had hoped for. He is overcome with intensest horror and terror; for the vision of Amfortas returns upon him. Such a kiss was his undoing. Upon such a flow of passion was he borne along to his disaster. The image of the fatal spear wound, gushing blood, rises before him: he strives mightily, and conquers. He thrusts Kundry scornfully from him. In vain she renews her wiles. It is his moment of vision—*his Enlightenment.* A profound sense of the woe in which the world is whelmed by yielding to passion, and of the sacredness of his own mission of deliverance, works its way in him, and he attains the height of spiritual redemption.

Baffled in her efforts, Kundry cries wildly for help; Klingsor appears, and tries to kill Parsifal by flinging at him the sacred lance; but it floats harmlessly over the hero's head. He seizes it, and as he makes with it the sign of the cross, the magician's castle crashes in ruins, the garden withers to a desert, and Kundry sinks to the ground with a cry of defeat and despair.

Years pass; years of further trial for Parsifal. Long has the day of deliverance been delayed. Now it is at hand. Despair reigns at Montsalvat. Amfortas seeks death; he refuses to unveil the Grail; the knights fail of its nourishing, and their strength declines; Titurel has just expired ingloriously. It is a Good Friday morning, when Amfortas is constrained to unveil the Grail to consecrate the burial of Titurel. Parsifal appears before the Grail castle, and is joyously greeted by the now aged Gurnemanz and by Kundry. It is now that Wagner dares a scene which he had shrunk from carrying into earlier effect, by which Parsifal definitely re-enacts an episode in the life of Christ. Kundry with water from the spring washes his feet, while Gurnemanz sprinkles some drops upon his head. Then Kundry, taking a golden cruse of oil from her bosom, pours some upon his feet, which she then dries with her hair. Gurnemanz, pouring the remaining contents upon the hero's head, anoints him as King and blesses him as the prophesied one—the all-pitying sufferer, the guileless fool, the compassion-enlightened. Parsifal baptizes Kundry, and imprints upon her lips with infinite tenderness the kiss of pure, pitying love.

And now comes the supreme moment, the unveiling of the Grail. Splendid is the scene as the knights file in, bearing the corpse of Titurel, the wounded Amfortas, and the covered shrine of the Grail. Amfortas, after addressing the spirit of his dead father, in a frenzy of longing and despair tears open his dress and bids his warriors

plunge their blades into his body to deliver him from his woe. But another deliverance is at hand. Parsifal steps forth, touches the agonized King with the sacred spear, and the wound is healed. Amfortas' countenance shines with holy light, the beams of the Grail fill the hall with a wonderful radiance, and as a white dove descends and hovers over Parsifal's head, angelic voices mingle with the chorus of knights in a chant of thanks and adoration.

The impression left upon us by this marvelous symphony of sound, light and color, by the intensely dramatic situation, the solemn pageant, the choral pomp and ceremonial, appealing to our every sense and evoking strange echoes of ancient worship—the impression of all this is overpowering. When in calm afterthought we consider how we have been affected by it all, and ask ourselves what residuum of deepened insight, of spiritual enlargement and clarification it has left, we pause and doubt. We recall Wolfram's story, and we realize that we have been transported to a different world—mystical, supernatural, magical, far aloof from the human troubles and temptations, the normal human distress and delight, privileges and duties, which we can sufficiently identify with our own. There is here no familiar footworn path of our common pilgrimage; whereas in Wolfram we follow a genuine pilgrim's progress. There is a continuity in his Parzival's spiritual development, a growth through rash and foiled endeavor, through sin and suffering, through joy and grief, doubt and despair, self-indulgence and self-abasement, shame and repentance, which has no counterpart in Wagner His Parsifal is a hero of one temptation,—and that a gross carnal one. The life of man is through it prefigured and summarized as a strife of sense and soul within a narrow sexual world. Other appetites and allurements,—pride, vainglory, self-will, inertia,—which beset Wolfram's hero in such varied form, play no

discernible part with Wagner's. And on the other hand such natural incentives to action and joy as love and fellowship, the spell of beauty, the magic of nature,—"song of bird and purl of fountain,"—the love of adventure, and, above all, a ready, self-forgetting, brave, impulsive sympathy for the weak and down-trodden,—these, which quicken Wolfram's hero, do not move Wagner's, and exercise no contagious power upon us.

To be sure, Wagner gains certain advantages by his dramatic form,—his swift dramatic action,—as compared with the slower epic movement of Wolfram's poem. There is a concentrated intensity, a clear-cut outline which reaches home, as Wolfram's leisureliness cannot. Then there is an effective and impressive symbolism in his narrowed world which adumbrates large meanings for the imaginative mind; there is a striking confrontation of the two worlds of the spirit and the flesh,—the Grail Kingdom and Klingsor's,—a definite yet suggestive presentment of man's divided allegiance in Kundry; of man's frailty and fall in Amfortas; of man's unregenerate and vanquished ignorance, and his victorious conquest over it through bitter strife, in Parsifal. And yet these advantages cannot outweigh the disadvantages which inhere in that mistaken ascetic attitude toward life which discolors Wagner's world.

Other faults might be dwelt upon,—especially the triviality of Parsifal's initial offence in killing a swan as typifying his original depravity,—but they would rather divert from the fundamental and crucial difference upon which we have dwelt—the difference between Wolfram's very varied human world and very human hero, and Wagner's transcendental, ecclesiastical world of miracle and sorcery, and his very symbolical, churchly hero incarnating the Christian drama of Atonement and Redemption.

Such, then, are the two contrasting readings of this great parable of the Grail,—the ascetic and the humanistic. They embody two rival gospels: one the gospel of renunciation, the extinction of that self of carnal desire which taints the pure white selflessness of the spirit; the other, the gospel of reasonable, brave and faithful devotion to frankly human ends of love and service. In Wagner the emotion of self-abnegation is linked with one of profound compassion, of poignant pity for those woes and sufferings of man from which he is to be freed only by the ascetic self-renunciation demanded in the teachings alike of Buddhism, ascetic Christianity, and the philosophy of Schopenhauer. In Wolfram the dominating emotion is one of strenuous and active service, patient to endure and brave to dare all that thwarts its purpose, but exalting and purifying instead of extinguishing human love and the passions that bind men to earthly beauty and earthly aims and hopes.

But let us not misunderstand. We have not here the familiar opposition of the two extremes of epicurean self-pleasing and stoic self-suppression. To the Parzival of Wolfram life, for all its meed of human joy, is no primrose path of pleasure; it is a mission, taxing his powers to the utmost. Dragons are in his path, and must be laid low: the wiles of the sorceress and the strains of siren voices lure him to veiled destruction, and must be withstood. No, the contrast which we have presented to us is between a religion which works itself out through our ordinary human relations, and in triumph over the burdens and the temptations which these bring with them; and a religion which involves withdrawal from this field of ordinary human relations for the practice of a mortification of the flesh that is the deadly foe to true holiness.

There can be no question as to which is the more serviceable ideal. The Galahad of Tennyson remains a dis-

tant and pallid figure—an abstract perfection, altogether outside the warm circle of our human activities and cares. The Parsifal of Wagner tastes of these, and is submitted to one great temptation through them only to discover their illusoriness and vanity. By his folly and temptation he is brought much nearer to us than is Galahad; but he recedes again when he commits himself to the repression and extinction of all passion, rather than to its wise control and happy use. The Parzival of Wolfram is one of ourselves, carrying to our activities both a loyal love of things human,—wife, child, friends, fellows,—and a noble, victorious devotion to the ideal of stainless truth and right and charity, of which the Grail of his search is the symbol.

So it is that this old legend, presenting in so many hues and at so many angles of vision the problem of our life, is one which speaks anew to each succeeding age. With its varying emphasis on the trials and frailties, the glories and encouragements of our human state, it makes appeal to all sorts and conditions of men.

The Grail is still with us. It has been handed down to us through the centuries by those valiant spirits who have not failed the race in any generation. It may still shed its light about our path through appalling darkness and gloom. It still calls upon its knighthood of dauntless seekers and guardians. The Grail of the spirit, it is: the ideal and vision of a perfected human life,—a perfected social order and a perfected manhood and womanhood. And it still has the power to feed him who is worthy of its service with the true bread of life, to open his eyes so that he may see into the future; to be to him a touch-stone of good and evil and a protecting power against any material foes and misfortunes.

Associated with it and its true servant, is that figure of the wounded and erring Amfortas who failed in its ser-

vice;—for us the figure of a stricken and suffering humanity crying for help and healing, and to be redeemed only by the power of compassionate understanding. By nothing, indeed, is it so truly a sign of the highest as by this—that it leads us to the shrine where is stretched the pathetic and tragic figure of suffering man, asking sympathy and service. It is no solitary place to which this Grail leads: to no lonely self-communion; to no task of isolated self-perfection. It leads into the peopled presence of man crucified.

And as it was near to Parzival at his starting, and as he was actually brought early to its presence but knew it not, so it is always near to us, to be seen if we have but the understanding heart. It is not to be sought in far off lands, but up and down the steeps of daily travel, by the cross roads of daily temptation, and along the level of what is daily commonplace, until touched by its illuminating light. Aye, even here, in these city byways, rings out the old summons that startled the silence of the mid-forest, calling us to the rescue of the oppressed or to enter the perilous lists against giant injustice and wrong.

Yes, the Grail moves among us still; a possession, and yet an object of endless quest; a benediction, and yet a summons and an exhortation. At moments the quest seems to be won, and we may be blessed with a light as of the beatific vision when we are lifted on some high wave of love for man or woman, husband or wife, child or friend, hero or saint, or by that mystic presence of humanity with its halo of tragic light. And yet its beams will fade and the vision pass; for not every day is the Grail fully unveiled, but only on those rare Good-Fridays of the soul. We must continually re-earn the right to feed eyes and heart on its beams, and to be blessed by it once more in the congregation of the faithful at what we may reverently call the Eucharist of Man.

SPIRITUAL RENEWAL.

AN EASTER ADDRESS GIVEN BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE OF NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1904.

BY FELIX ADLER.

In announcing my address to-day, I spoke of Easter as the Great Festival. I did so, not because it is the day on which, according to Christian doctrine, Christ rose from the dead; nor because, according to the Jewish Festival which is celebrated at this season, a people of slaves were miraculously delivered from the house of bondage; but primarily because Easter means Spring. Spring with "a nameless pathos in the air which thrills with all things fair"; Spring, with its golden sun and silver rains, is with us once again; and the universal life that stirs in field and wood and stream stirs also in our breast, and the universal joy that thrills through nature thrills also in our pulses. We feel the need of expressing this; so that when we come together on this first Sunday of Spring, if there were a poet among us, we should bid him sing some song celebrating the joy and wonder of the Spring; and if there were a great composer among us, we should bid him sing to us some mighty strain reflecting the power of the Spring, the birth-throes of it, the storms by which it is accompanied, and all the pomp and glory and the marvelous revelation of it. But as we have neither poet nor musician, we must in poor and inarticulate fashion express, as best we can, the sense of this new life and this new thrill in universal nature, and be the harbingers and the heralds of it. This is our first word to-day—just a word of rejoicing; for inasmuch as we are children of nature we cannot help feeling the

gladness of it. It is true that Spring hides its head, and like a coy maiden, advances and then withdraws; but, despite the little touch of winter and the icy chill, we are sure that the glad time is near—is come. Poor hearts should we have, if there were nothing in us to respond to this call of the Spring.

But we are not only children of nature. We have another, a higher nature, another destiny and outlook. Birds and beasts feel the touch of new life, but we feel it in another way. While we rejoice in things natural, we cannot help receiving suggestions that touch our spiritual side. This spectacle of physical renovation around us must inevitably suggest to the thoughtful the idea of renewal in the inner world also; and it is this thought of renewal that is appropriate to a religious convocation. It is this thought which Christianity grafted on the Spring festival, the thought of spiritual renewal through faith in Christ.

Now, in the absence of that conception, how shall we gain the impetus for the renewal of our inner life? Before I speak on that question, I shall touch briefly upon two others, namely, the renewal of youth in old age, and the renewal of the courage to live after bereavement; then finally and chiefly, as my main theme, the renewal of religion where it is ebbing.

First, as to the renewal of youth in the old. This is especially a word for the aged, but it will interest those who have not yet reached that term, I hope. It is a subject about which there has been a great deal of speculation, how to keep young, or rather, how to make one's self over when one has become aged; and at all times there have been those who have dreamed of accomplishing this in some fashion. The alchemists worked hard within their grimy laboratories thinking that they could discover the philosopher's stone that had the two-

fold virtue of turning base metal, lead and copper, into gold, and also of turning the decay of the body into the freshness and suppleness and elasticity of youth. If the alchemists had succeeded, the question that I put would not require consideration. We could purchase the philosopher's stone and apply it regularly every few years, so as to prevent our joints from becoming dry and hard, and our flesh like the sere and yellow leaf. Again, a couple of centuries ago there was a sect among the Jews who thought they had found a way—the Cabalists. Cabalism was a mystic doctrine involving the belief that by a certain mystic spell and incantation an earthly immortality could be achieved. The members of that sect have died, and their death is the best commentary upon their pretension.

The story of "Dr. Heidigger's Experiment" by Hawthorne in the "Twice Told Tales," which my little girl was reading to me the other evening, struck me as an illustration of another attempt to baffle time. This doctor invites four guests into his study—three snow white-bearded gentlemen and one decayed gentlewoman—and shows them an alabaster vase in which something gleams with a moonlight ray, and he tells them that this is the water of the fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon sought for in vain, but which has since been discovered in the southern part of the Floridian Peninsula. A friend of his, he says, was good enough to send him a quantity of this water, and he offers them as much of it as will restore the bloom of youth. At first they are incredulous, but when they drink, it brings about a great change in them and they eagerly desire more; and the more they drink the more they are changed, and old age seems to slough off like a serpent's coil. But, alas, as their youth is renewed, the folly and sin of their young days stir in their blood, and the whole scene ends in disgraceful riot

and excess. Fortunately, the power of the water of the fountain of youth was temporary like the power of wine. The delirium passed, and presently they were again three snow white-bearded gentlemen and one decayed gentlewoman.

There are a great many persons who try to get young in that fashion; who try to simulate the manners and dissipations and pleasures of youth. Nothing is more nauseous than that. Nothing is more pitiable than affectation of youthfulness coupled with a senile revamping of young passions.

I sometimes hear men say that the way to keep young is to consort with young people. That is the true secret of eternal youthfulness, as I have discovered in my own experience, but in a different sense from that in which the matter is ordinarily understood. To consort with young people merely for the sake of affecting youthfulness, to disown one's gray hairs and endeavor to prove that the years have left no mark by joining in the follies of youth —that is the wrong and disgraceful way. The true way to preserve an inward youthfulness is to keep in touch with young life, by making the problems of some young persons our own; by sinking ourselves into that life in such a way that its interests become ours. We thus live over again and grow again in the life of the young in whom we are supremely interested. If you are a scientist and there is some young man of science coming up who is winning his spurs and making his record—if, while you are on the decline, he is making the ascent—take that man's ambitions as your own, buckle him to you with hooks of steel, make his life yours, as it were. If you are a merchant, perhaps there is some young person in your employ in whom you can become interested—some young man who has life all before him. Naturally we are all interested in our children in that way, and that is

the reason why they keep us young. But this is not quite enough, because our own children are so near to us, so intimate a part of us, that any mistakes they may make, any misfortunes they may suffer, cut us keenly and we suffer quite as much in our identification with them as we gain in the sense of renewed youthfulness. It is well, therefore, in addition to our children, or in default of them, to have some young friends. It is such a mistake to keep only to the old friends—the true and precious old friends. Only this week I met a man nigh unto eighty years of age and he complained, "I am alone; I feel so solitary in the world; all my friends have gone; I do not understand the people around me any more, they speak a different language; I feel as if I were superfluous in the world." He had not learned in time the art of making new friends. With the old friends there is indeed an ease, an absence of restraint; they understand us and we understand them; everything goes without effort. But we must make effort; we must be constantly making friends, constantly adjusting ourselves to new life, constantly winning friends among the young—not by asking sympathy, but by being willing generously to give it, by being friends in the sense of helpers.

A book which has recently been published, an English translation of Prince Conaro's work, discusses the question, how to live long, how to live one hundred years. Very rigid rules are prescribed as to systematic living, as to not partaking of such and such food, as to being very strict in one's regimen; but amid so many rules, so many inhibitions and restrictions, life becomes artificial. If we obey all these injunctions, do the few years that are thrown in at the end of all compensate for the loss of spontaneity and the joy of living during the earlier years?

The way to keep young is to identify ourselves with

and to be the friends of the young; to be interested in their problems and in the outcome of their lives. The true fountain of youth is our moral nature. The secret of keeping young is the emancipation of one's self from the narrow, individual self. Of course it requires a certain alertness, a readiness to make new adjustments and this is difficult for many persons. But in spite of this difficulty let us realize that friendship can be won only by effort, and we must try to adjust ourselves to new friends if we wish to live to a really green old age. Instead of counting the old friends as they go one by one, and simply waiting until our turn comes, the right attitude is to be ever on the alert seeking new friends—young friends.

The second aspect of my subject is the renewal of the courage to live after a great bereavement. And here, too, we must win freedom from the tyranny of self—that narrow, personal, egotistical self, of which we find it so hard to rid ourselves. We are broken; we are afflicted; we are maimed; we have lost a tenderness and an understanding sympathy which was as the very atmosphere we breathed. The years that are before us seem like a blank. Life must be endured; there is no longer any delight in it, and often we wish that it were well over, and that we were sleeping safely in our quiet graves. But look around you and emancipate yourself from the narrow self. Are there not lives about you that make an appeal to you? Can you not think of this one or that one to whom you still mean much or ought to mean much—ought to mean more, perhaps? You are broken and bruised; granted—but you live; you still have life in you, and you can put forth that life and be an agent of good. Then put away the thoughts that fetter and weaken you, and prevent you from living out the things that are in you. I do not say be untrue to your departed.

On the contrary. But if you are really true to them, the thought of them will help you to live, and there will cease in you the secret longing to escape from life—to lie down and sleep forever—which you have no right to do nor to think of. The thought of them will help you, if you think of them rightly. Stop thinking egotistically of what you have lost, and think instead of the blessings you enjoy, of all that is left to you, and, above all, of the beautiful traits in the character of those you have lost. These beautiful traits should be with you every day and serve as a kind of standard which you should try to live up to. The thought of such qualities will encourage and help you to become an agent of good and give you great satisfaction. Be yourself a useful and beneficent influence in other lives, and say to yourself, "All this that I do is a tribute—an offering of honor—at the shrine of memory to my beloved." The emancipation from the narrow, egotistical self, from the self that thinks only of its losses and not of its opportunities for service to others, is the condition of renewal after bereavement.

I come now to the main part of my subject, the renewal of religion—spiritual renewal. We are living in an age when religion is at low ebb. Just now there is a kind of twilight of the gods; the light of faith burns dim and secular interests are to the fore. Science astonishes us with its discoveries; art and industry are transforming the world as with the wand of an enchanter; but religion has never been so weak as it is to-day. Recently, when I was in a neighboring city, I was told that many of the orthodox churches there had combined because each of them was too weak to stand alone. I was told that the average attendance in that city on Sundays is only one-third of the population. In New York City it is the same. Everywhere there is a shrinkage. The churches appear very much stronger than they really are because

their representatives are socially important and their prestige is great; but their power over the masses of mankind, among the educated classes at least, has signally waned. But you will ask, "Why should this be regretted? Do you want to restore the old religions with their harsh dogmas? Do you want the belief in hell restored, or the inquisition brought back? Do you want a renewal of religious wars and St. Bartholomew massacres?" No, certainly not. We are very glad that those times are over; but still many of us feel that there is something in religion that we should not like to have go. We should not like, as the Germans say, to "empty out the child with the bath," *Das Kind mit dem Bad ausschütteln.*

There is something in religion besides the cruel doctrines that offend the intelligence of men. There is something that we not only do not wish to lose, but that we cannot afford to lose, without which our lives would be poor and miserable indeed, namely, the conviction that life is worth while, because there is something essentially worth while going forward in the universe; there is something shaping itself, something developing towards that

> "one far off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

Our life as individuals is so poor, so petty, and so meaningless that there must be something else which our life serves or subserves in order to make it worth while. If we estimate life's value by the joys it brings, we shall often say, "It were better not to be; it is not worth while to live." Those of us who are not fortunate enough to be exceptions must still believe that it is worth while for us to live, that there is something great, something high, something infinitely beautiful and holy working itself out in things that even the service of our poor lives can help

on. The conviction we need is that this world is not a colossal loom on which the shuttle of chance weaves to and fro the garment of unreason and despair; that our ideals are not mere wishes with no more security of fulfilment than any other idle wishes—not mere vapors of the brain—but that there is something at the heart of things that will make them real.

How are we going to get such a religion? How are we going to renew it? If we use the old familiar word "God" to designate the power that makes the ideal real, the power that works toward infinite truth and goodness and holiness, towards the time when this poor humanity of ours, handicapped with bestial heredities, shall manifest itself in its full glory and in the perfection of all its full-grown power,—then the question is, where shall we find God? Shall we find him in heaven above? We know there is no such place. We know that the blue vault over us is a mere trick of the senses; that a few miles of atmosphere envelop this globe of ours, and that beyond those few miles there opens, not heaven, but black gulfs and abysses of space. Shall we seek God in nature? Science tells us that nature is a soulless machine. We must have some other warrant than science for seeking a beneficent power back of nature. Science cannot help us in the quest. Shall we seek God in the bibles of antiquity? The oracles of old are discredited by many, and at any rate I cannot take my faith at second hand. I cannot believe because Moses believed. I cannot hold that there is such a thing as divine power because it is related that, in order to dispel all possible doubt of his existence, God once opened the heavens and exclaimed, "Behold me, I speak to you; you see me; you hear me; henceforth doubt no more." The Bible tells us that that occurred; that it is true that some great man saw God; and that therefore it is perfectly sure that there is a God.

But I cannot take my faith at second hand. I must see for myself.

Now if I cannot find God in nature, and cannot find him with the help of science or with the help of the Bible, where am I to look for the evidence? Where Jesus looked for God and found him. The wonderful thing about Jesus is that he had a remarkably valuable method of discovering truth; and though we may not quite be his followers in everything, his method we may accept. It must always be remembered that the religion which crystallized around him or enveloped his personality is something utterly foreign to his own thought. He never proposed the doctrine of the Trinity, and never called himself God. When they called him "good" he replied, "Call me not good, there is none good, save one, that is God." The religion that grew up about Jesus is something very different from the religious ideas of Jesus himself.

Now where did Jesus find the evidence of God? What was his method? In the fairy tales, you read about a certain magic balm which, if the eyes are touched with it, will reveal marvelous riches quite close at hand—flashing gems and precious stones that the bystanders could have if they but stretched out their hands,—but if they had not that magic balm on their eyes they could not see those precious things. Now Jesus discovered the spiritual balm which gives one, as it were, clairvoyance or second sight. He taught his disciples that they must have the clear vision which discovers the spiritual presence which escapes others, which is very close at hand, but which many fail to see. What is this spiritual balm? How does it help us to find the divine power, and where does it teach us to find it? Jesus said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." By this he meant that God does not reveal himself in stones, or in trees, or in heavenly

constellations, so much as in the hearts of men; that if you want to have the evidence that there is a divine life in the world you must examine men. That was his method. Man is the evidence.

If you want to find God, look for him in the beggar who passes under your window, in the neighbor who jostles you when he goes by on the street, in your own child and in the woman or man with whom you keep house; and if you find not God there you will not find him anywhere. "But this is absurd," you will say, "to find God in the woman with whom I keep house, my wife; or in my husband; or even in my child, of whom I am passionately fond! Intelligence is there and some charm and some goodness, but not God." Well, Jesus did not say God, but the evidence of God; the stirring of the divine power; the thrusting itself forward of something hidden and excellent, something far more fair than has appeared. Only you must be careful always to distinguish between the two sides of your neighbor or of the woman or man with whom you dwell. You must not make the mistake of supposing that the outer side, the side which everyone sees, with its little intelligence, little charm, and little goodness, that that is the real person. That is only the crust, it is only one side, the outer side; but if your eyes are anointed with the magic balm then you will have the wit and the power yourself to see the spiritual presence in that person so near to you, so intimate, whom you seem to know so well and yet know not at all. You will have the wit and the grace to see the spiritual life there which you have not perceived; the treasure concealed from other eyes,—the wonderful treasure of which you had no surmise. If you want to renew your faith, look at the people whom you have come to regard, from habit or constant association, as commonplace—look at them and try to see them in a new light;

not the distinguished people, but just those people with whom you are in daily touch. Try and deal with them as you would with an honored guest who comes for the first time to your house and the depth and height of whose nature you do not know. You suspect that there are great things in him, therefore you treat him with great reverence. You approach him with care and circumspection, even with a certain awe. Suppose you try to treat those with whom you dwell as you would that honored guest. Suppose you try the experiment of looking on them, not as if their whole nature were shown in the side they have revealed to you, but as if they were infinite souls that had assumed the character and guise of your daily comrades; look upon them with a deep surmise. As the votaries of old used to cry out to their gods when they withdrew themselves into darkness, "O God, show thyself," so do you say to your familiar friend and neighbor, "O God that is within, show thyself." And the God, the divine power, will surely respond in some measure to your appeal.

The renewal of faith depends not upon a new philosophy. The greatest philosophy in the world would appeal only to persons capable of abstract thinking. The philosophers themselves have not agreed. Nor does the renewal of faith depend on a revelation from the outside. Where, then, is it to come from? What new Bible that could be written would be received, if even that splendid monument of genius—the old Bible—is falling daily into desuetude?

The renewal of religion depends entirely upon an experience which everybody can have—upon an inner change that must take place. Let that change happen, anoint your eyes with that magic balm, and behold what you will see.

Some will ask, "How does this bear on faith? It

might invest our familiar friends with a kind of glory, but how does it help us with regard to a divine power in the universe?" But is not your friend the product of the universe, and have we not the right to reflect back the light that shines in him upon the causes that produced him? Is not your friend the outcome of these causes? If the divine is in him, the effect, must it not be in the cause? Is not your friend the channel of the cosmic tendency? And if we see that in him that tendency is beautiful and makes for righteousness, truth, and loveliness, shall we not say that the cosmic tendency in things, which only flows through him, is glorified and testified to by him? My friend is the revealer of God; there is no other revealer. God is the divine power, the cosmic power, which flows through him. It is the world-wide voice that whispers of infinite perfection, of which I hear the echo in my friend and, through him, in myself.

The renewal of youth in age, the renewal of the courage to live after bereavement, the renewal of the belief that this world is not a mere soulless machine, but that there lives verily a power that will make our transcendent ideals real,—these are the thoughts which I wish to submit to you as appropriate to the first Sunday of the opening season. May they suggest to you the spring-time of the spiritual life, and may they blend with the ringing of the Easter bells and the fragrance of the Easter lilies.

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September, 1903
Vol. XI, No. 1

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